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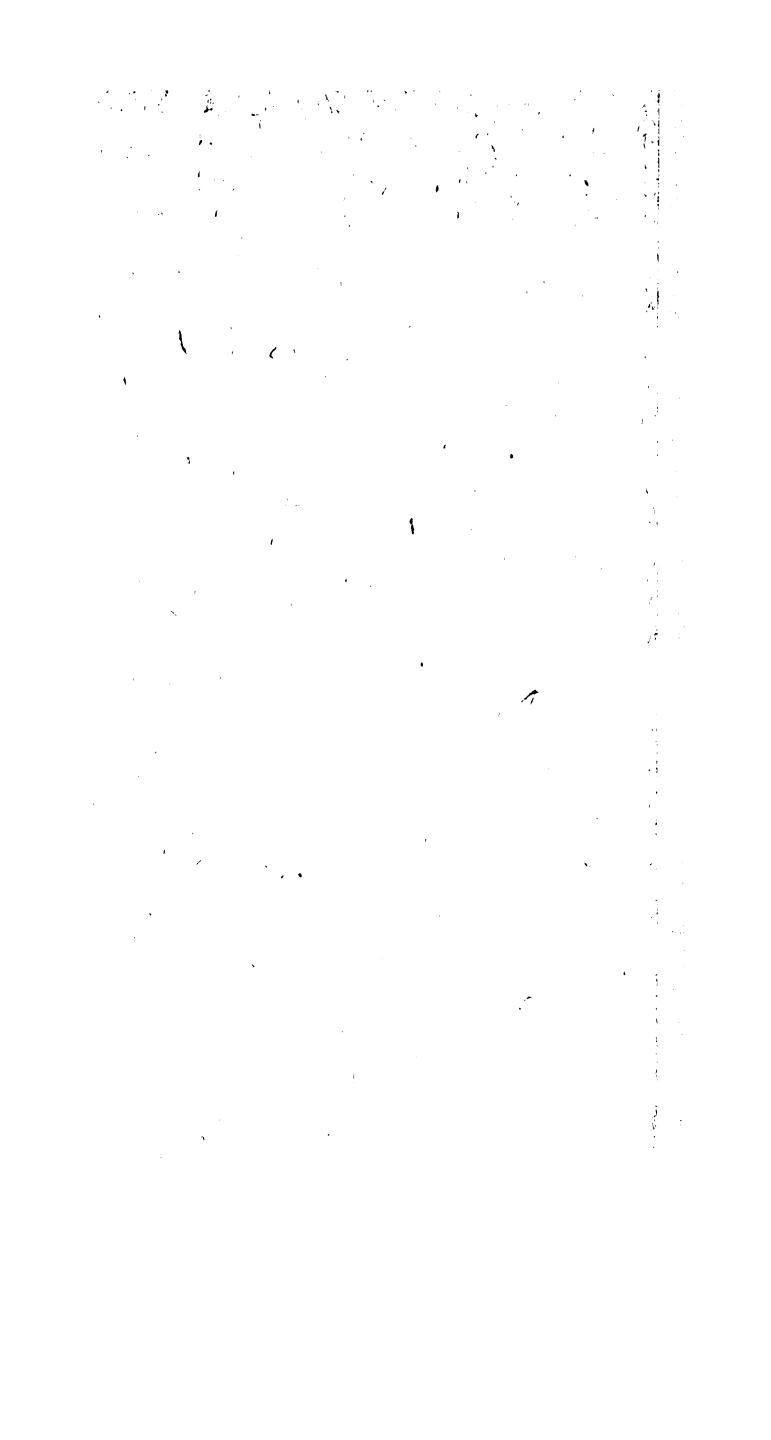
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THE  
YOUNG PHILOSOPHER:  
— A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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Of MAN, when warm'd by Reason's purest ray,  
No slave of Avarice, no tool of Pride;  
When no vain Science led his mind astray,  
But NATURE was his law, and God his guide.

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V O L. III.

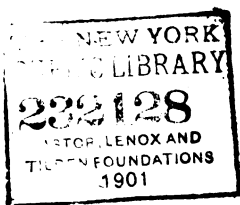
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1798.



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# THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

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## CHAP. I.

A man of *business* may *talk* of philosophy—

A man who has no business may practise it.

**S**LOWLY and unwillingly as Delmont left the spot, where all his hopes of happiness were centered, he no sooner found himself a few miles from thence, than he proceeded with as much haste as if he expected to find happiness where he was going.

Nothing was to him so intolerable as suspense. He thought, though he had not yet known many, that when an evil presented itself positively before him, he

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B

should

should find resolution to combat or to endure it; but as it has often been remarked, that an English soldier immediately loses a great portion of his natural courage if he does not see his enemy, Delmont found his fortitude shaken by the apprehension of he knew not what unpleasant and embarrassing circumstances, which his brother had undoubtedly prepared for him; and he was impatient to know what he was expected to do, and how much of the future tranquillity of his life he was called upon to sacrifice to the splendor of extravagant dissipation, which, he supposed, must have occasioned the demand.

He arrived in London, where he had not been for four or five years, more fatigued than he had ever before felt himself, and leaving his horse at a livery stable, walked to a coffee house near the Hay-market, from whence he wrote a short note to his brother; but the messenger immediately returned, to inform him that Major Delmont was gone to dinner

dinner at Windsor with a large party, and was not expected to return to the house (which he had named as that he usually frequented) till the next day.

Delmont now repented of his haste. "This brother of mine," said he, "is as a fine man just what he was as an Eaton boy; now making every thing that relates to him of the mightiest import, and demanding the attention of all the world; then in half an hour forgetting this important matter, and flying after any casual amusement with as light an heart as if he had never felt a moment's concern."

Every object that now surrounded George Delmont was almost as new as it was displeasing to him. He felt himself no longer an inhabitant of the world he saw about him, yet had no ambition to renew his existence in it; and smiled when he saw one or two of his old school-fellows, now officers in the guards, come into the coffee-room, and stare at him a moment as a stranger, while probably



some slight idea recurred of their having somewhere seen such a face ; but then, as if the enquiry was not worth their trouble, they turned on their heels, and addressed themselves to those whom they were sure were men of the world. Nothing, except the alteration a few years had made in his person, was really changed in Delmont ; but the more material change in *their* opinion would be, he knew, *that* which had happened in consequence of his uncle's marriage ; and he could not forbear to wish that Adolphus had submitted to retreat from witnessing the consequences of such an alteration, rather than by again emulating the expences of his former associates, have become *really* an object of compassion, and to George many of these appeared to be fitter to excite pity than envy.

As he knew that there was no probability of meeting his brother before five or six o'clock, he contented himself with sending a note to let him know he was in London ; and he then determined  
to

to give up the morning to execute the commission Mrs. Glenmorris had given him, which was, to procure acceptance and money for the bills from America. He set out therefore for the house of the merchants on whom they were drawn, at the extremity of the city. He found the house, but waited a considerable time at the door, and was at length informed by a person, who had the appearance of a clerk, and who came out from the next door, that Messrs. ——— and ——— were bankrupts; that their effects had been seized about a fortnight before; and that their names were in the Gazette of the last week.

Delmont's countenance expressed what he felt at the intelligence—He was but little acquainted with business of this nature, and knew not whether there were any means of retrieving a loss so considerable. The man still stood at the door, and Delmont enquired if he could inform him where any of the partners could be

found, or how he could proceed to get the bills honoured?

“Oh! as to that,” replied the man, “it is quite out of the question; the house is utterly ruined; ruined by the war—It was first shook by the bad turn of affairs in Holland, and some late losses and failures have done it quite up. As to the bills, sir, they are waste paper. You may see the second partner, poor man; for he is safe enough at lodgings provided for him in St. George’s-fields; but as for the other, I suppose you wont think of seeking him, for he has settled *his* accounts for ever another way.” Perceiving Delmont looked extremely shocked, the clerk added, “Why ay, sir, we were all very sorry I assure you; it was a terrible affair to be sure, and the more so as the poor gentlemen were in no wise to blame—’Twas entirely the times that did the job, and unlucky and perverse accidents falling out; and there are two fine young families quite undone, and  
turned

ed out to shift in the world ; but things are common, I think, of late, we shall have more on't no doubt if war lasts ; however, one gets used to y thing in time." Delmont then rmed himself of the name of the at-ey concerned for the bankrupts, and et forth with an heavy heart towards lodgings, meditating on the best means oftening, or rather wholly concealing painful circumstance from Mrs. Glen-iris ; and after some consideration no-ig seemed feasible but to send her vn the amount of at least one of the s, without noticing the failure of those whom they were drawn (who were the same persons as those who had ised her any farther supply) and he xed to obtain time to try if nothing uld be done to save her from losing the ole.

His brother was too impatient under his sent embarrassments to wait for him ; at an earlier hour of the afternoon n he expected to see him, Adolphus

appeared—The meeting was on his part conducted with the composure which ought never to forsake a man of fashion. “I have got into a disagreeable affair as to money, George,” said he, “and I sent for you to be security for me, rather than commit myself *farther* to people that it is not altogether pleasant to be obliged to.”

That what he asked of his brother might ruin him seemed either not to be considered, or thought of as only a secondary consideration, when to accommodate himself was in question. Ideas of his own consequence were so habitual to him, that he lost sight of every other consequence; nor did he ever stay to enquire, when any gratification or satisfaction was to be obtained for himself, how it would affect those whose services he required to procure it for him.

The sum for which he now desired his brother George to be security, was within five hundred pounds of all he possessed in the world, except Upwood.—George Delmont

Mont saw no way whatever by which could ever be repaid, for his brother's une, though originally much more in his own, had been so far from progressing by the profession to which he had devoted himself, that it was, if not all engaged beyond redemption; yet the Major, (for he was now preferred that rank,) require his brother's unconditional acquiescence in what he decided of him, and seemed determined to observe, what George could not shewing, the reluctance with which he should make himself responsible for a sum.

Why what use," said Adolphus, if thou, my honest George, for more? Thou art a philosopher, and bore an admirable composure to see the family title and family estate made over, the act of a dotard, to a couple of such that, I'll answer for it, have no more to them by blood than the children of my coachman. You could philosophise *then*, I remember, and represented,

in the mightiness of your wisdom, to my father and to me, that we had no right to complain. Besides, you are a practical farmer, you know, and great in the first best *metier* of man, agriculture. While "God speeds the plough," you can never want money, and I dare say you have already got a drawer full of canvass bags stuffed with guineas ; I am persuaded of this ; because, had it not been so, you would have taken to some profession that might have given you an income, or you would have married. Why, I hear you refused a devilish fine woman with fifty thousand pounds ? Prythee, if it is not too late, George, make her over to me. I always think, so far, your fine high-flying notions of liberty are right enough ; that I would have every man live as he will, and with whom he will, whether he mutters over a few musty words, or dares to appropriate some fair one to himself without them, all's right, and your ideas of freedom don't go beyond mine ; but when a foolish fellow refuses to mumble

ble over these said nonsensical words for fear he should lose his liberty I laugh at him. What a \* bourgeois idea ! Tell me, George, faith now, was it such a notion that made thee coy to the fifty thousand pounder ? Was thy morality—*Morality*, I recollect, is thy cant ; was it *that* which told thee, that if thou marriedst the heiress, thou must give up thy little American, thy fascinating yankey ?”

Well as George Delmont had formerly known his brother's manner, he had been so long unused to it, and this attack on such an occasion was so extraordinary, that he knew not immediately how to parry it. At length collecting himself, and remembering that it was the son of a mother he had adored, his brother, who thus insulted him, he answered—That as to

\* These are the notions, not of the hero who is accused of being tainted with modern philosophy, but of a man of the world, ready to acquiesce in all that world dictates.



money, his *not* having entered into any profession, for which he thought himself not obliged to account to any one, was the very reason why he was likely to want money. "Farming, Major Delmont," said he, "never attracted me by the lucrative prospects it offered, but because I hoped to keep myself independent by it; and if it was in my nature to retort upon you, I should say, that I have done better to engage the little I had in any honest way of making its interest, than to lose it, as I am afraid you have done, among sharpers."

"Oh! no," replied the Major with astonishing sang froid, "devil take me if I have lost a guinea among the Greeks, as you suppose; it has been all among ourselves; honest fellows who never do any thing but fight, or play, or love, or drink, and who are as poor as church mice; for example, I have taken up fifteen hundred pounds, for which I expect you to join me in security, to pay *Jemmy Winsly*, as honest a lad as ever lived.

lived. The whole regiment knows that he won it fairly. As for the other two thousand, it is dispersed round the world, and will find its way back to me some day or other; and you know that when I touch the pitiful legacy of that old dupe, our late uncle, which I shall make Gorges pay me before I leave London, this may be paid. But, George, you don't answer, methinks, about these *bonnes fortunes* of your's? If you have really resigned the banker's golden daughter, is your philosophyship disinterested enough to give a letter of recommendation to your elder brother? Eh, George?—On that condition I will not insist on going to Upwood, and being introduced to thy little humming bird from Massachusetts. Nay, never look so gloomy and grave, Geordy, but answer."

"I have determined to keep my temper, Major Delmont," answered the younger brother.

"There you are right," interrupted the elder.

"And

“And to do you all the service in my power,” added he.

“Right again,” exclaimed the Major.

“And you shall not find that to this paltry raillery you sacrifice the brotherly offices, which if, *as* a brother, I owe you, I would *more* readily pay you as a friend.”

“It is all the same why you do them, if you do but do them speedily,” said the Major, coldly; “so let me know at what hour this evening we shall meet; for I have promised to bring my surety in the course of the day, and am to have the fifteen hundred to-morrow.—So you won’t make over your heiress to me?—Why, you blockhead, if I can get her you will be made whole again, and I’ll do something handsome to help the next festivity of thy harvest supper, or for the gossips at the christening of my little Anglo-American nephew or niece.—Come, come, don’t monopolize—You have made your election for the new world—put me, my  
dear

dear boy, in a way to enjoy the old one."

"I do not know what folly you have in your head," said George Delmont; "but you ought to think me the most senseless of all coxcombs if I even named a lady, who was supposed to honour me with any partiality; I know of none such, nor can I guess where you picked up so foolish a story."

"Not guess! Why from whence is one sure of drawing all such delectable histories? our own aunt Crewk."

"Mrs. Crewkherne!—You have not seen her, or my sister, then?"

"Neither; but on my arrival, hearing of Caroline's marriage, and that the venerable old, grimalkin had taken Louisa with her, and accompanied the married folks into Suffolk, I wrote to her, hoping she would forget our old quarrels, and for the honour of her family send me a supply of cash.—Not a bit on't.—Instead of money the withered sybil writes me a letter to tell tales of you, as  
if

if that would do *me* any good ! Oh ! ~~It~~ has made a precious story of a Miss—Miss—faith I have already forgot the name, who *would* almost have you perforce whether you would or no ; and then all about your taking into keeping—Oh ! naughty master Geordy !—a sad little vagabond girl from the rebel Americans, whose father was . . . . . let me see—I have destroyed the letter, I believe—but faith, I think she says he was transported for some grievous misdemeanour or other, and ran away with some woman of fortune, or who would have had a fortune if she had not been disinherited, and afterwards her husband, (for she is still handsome it seems,) sold her, by way of bringing himself home, to your neighbour the philosophical, philanthropical, poetical Mr. Armitage, who contrived to introduce you to her daughter.”

“ And is this really,” said George Delmont, “ the story Mrs. Crewkherne has written ? ”

“ Yes—or at least very like it—I cannot

not be very exact, for I read it over but once, and I don't know what I did with the infernal scrawl afterwards—if I did not burn it you may see it if you will."

Delmont then, as he walked with his brother, entered very gravely into a detail of all that had really happened; explained who Medora was, and the reason why she came with her mother to England.—The Major listened with a sort of half sneer on his countenance; and when Delmont concluded what he had to say, observed, that there were two ways of representing every thing; "and it must be owned," said he, "that our delectable aunt has made a most terrible and terrific history of this, while your's is just fitted for the amiable young heroine of a romance.—You know, George, I hold in utter abhorrence all interference in love affairs; so it will never be by me that an inquisition shall be set on foot, as to who has made the truest resemblance—but as your discarded nymph is probably

bly one of those tender yet mutable creatures, whose affections are not absolutely so adhesive as not be transferred from one handsome young fellow to another not at all his inferior, I shall try make an acquaintance with her. Pr thee, George, where does she live?"

"Still with Dr. Winslow, I suppose; but I know not on what pretence you can introduce yourself, and I have no means of introducing you."

The Major then smiling, for he was never seen to laugh, declared he should be at no loss for an introduction as soon as he had determined to give himself that trouble; adding, however, with haughty bitterness, "it was once probable that I should have had the choice of all the girls of great prospects in England, instead of looking out, like a needy adventurer, for one of only moderate fortune like this."

The truth was, that whenever the recollection occurred, as it perpetually did, of the disappointment occasioned by his uncle's

uncle's second marriage, the elder Delmont lost all that apathy, which, as a man of fashion, as well as from the pride and fullness of his nature, he usually appeared to possess; and though he had conquered that unguarded and intemperate heat in which he had at first indulged himself, he could never think or speak with patience of an event that had deprived him of the fortune and titles of his ancestors.

The splendor and expence he now saw around him, among young men of family, his former school associates; their studied emulation of every form of profusion and luxury, and the sums which he nightly saw won and lost among them, with apparently the most perfect ease, were circumstances that corroded the heart of the Major, who made continual comparisons between what he was and what he might have been, if now, in the height of youth and health, he had possessed the income and the power of an Earl of Castledanes; an income  
which,



which, he thought, all the gratifications he meditated could hardly affect, or, if they did, the power annexed to his parliamentary interest would, he knew, very easily repair any losses that, "in the course of a man's living," (that is playing and betting every night) might occur.

George Delmont, on the contrary, saw the scene into which he was thus, for a passing moment, initiated, with very different eyes.

Even while yet a schoolboy he had occasionally witnessed, though never experienced in his own person, the tumultuous vicissitudes that agitate the mind of the gamester, for at a public school this vice at least precedes, though for less objects, the more serious hazards of the adult—He had then fled from societies where it was pursued, because he felt no delight in the amusement, and knew that a great deal of mischief, and many hours of bitter repentance, follow its indulgence—He now saw some few of the same set, with whom he was at school, who yet  
held

held their places in the higher circles; but others had disappeared for ever—more than one by suicide, and some by degradation from the life they had attempted—while of those who yet remained, many were become profest gamesters; some were supported, as was alledged, by the sale of a beautiful wife, more by the sale of themselves.

Enough became known to him during the short time he now passed in attendance upon his brother, to convince him that all he had seen, all he had read, heard, or imagined, of the life of a gamester, fell short of the various modes of misery which, having chosen, that pursuit inflicted on men, many of whom were born to be the legislators, and all of whom might have been honours and supports to their country.

Yet once infected with this fatal passion, it seemed to be impossible ever to obtain a cure—and while George Delmont waited to execute deeds on behalf of Adolphus, deeds which made his

own present fortune (almost all he was ever likely to possess) liable to demands incurred by this wretched infatuation, he saw with extreme concern, that it was growing on his brother like a rapid disease; having discovered, that after he had been, by his persuasions, drawn away from tables where some thousands were staked, he shook off this brother who had embarrassed himself to serve him, as a troublesome monitor, and (under pretence of going to rest,) afterwards went forth to those nocturnal societies where hundreds only are hazarded, from whence he returned not till morning, and from whence, if he once brought any gain, he three times lost to double the amount.—

“What am I doing,” enquired George Delmont, when convinced of this; “am I really serving this unfortunate brother of mine, while I am thus impoverishing myself? Would it not be better, were I to reserve the small property I possess, to afford him an home when he shall have totally undone himself?—when he shall have

have been compelled, perhaps, to sell his commission, and when he shall be convinced of the futility of those hopes with which he now solaces himself; while he reckons, that because he is a soldier, and of an illustrious family, he shall never vainly seek a resource in the favours of government?"

Delmont, however, had gone too far to recede; in the first slight explanation his brother had made of his difficulties, he had yielded too readily to his projects for their removal, and the hour was now fixed when he was to complete the sacrifice.—Besides the money lent, he had agreed to give a mortgage on Upwood for fifteen hundred pounds, which was nearly half its value; and as farther and very pressing claims against Adolphus were still to be provided for, he had personally bound himself with his brother to answer them in six weeks, by which time Adolphus had persuaded himself that the attorney, whom he had, on the recommendation of some of his gambling friends,

friends, entrusted, would have obtained from Sir Appulby Gorges the legacy of two thousand pounds left him by his uncle Castledanes.—This attorney, brisk, busy, and plausible, with great assurance and great volubility, became now necessarily introduced to George Delmont, who after hearing him parade and prate for an hour, in terms of which he understood very little, was prevailed upon to entrust him with the recovery of the demand he also had on his uncle's estate for the same sum.

These ill-omened affairs being adjusted for the present, much more to the satisfaction of the elder than of the younger Delmont, the latter prepared to return to Upwood.—He first paid an unsuccessful visit to the persons who transacted the business of the merchant, on whom Mrs. Glenmorris's bills were drawn, and had the mortification to find they were certainly worth nothing. ●

On taking leave of his brother, George thought it incumbent upon him to speak  
with

with more plainness than he had yet done, of the danger of that sort of life he seemed to be engaged in. "You have often, Adolphus," said he, "turned into ridicule the singularity of my mode of living—I will not ridicule yours, for it is too serious a subject. Let me entreat you to consider how little your fortune, aided by your profession, is equal to answer frequent and great losses at play; and do not be angry if I add, that the assistance I have now given you I cannot repeat."

Adolphus, without hearing more, replied in a supercilious tone, that if, from the trifling kindness he had done him, he assumed a right to criticise his conduct, it were well if he had sooner known the condition with which his friendship was to be clogged. "Go, dear George," added he, sneering, "return to thy native fields like a Sabine hero of old, and cultivate cauliflowers—but do not pretend to tell thy elder brother how he is to live, or with whom. Thy views and mine, George, were always, and will always

be wider than the antipodes, as to our general modes of life. Take no care for me—I shall live as it seemeth good unto me—probably stay in London while any society that one can live with is visible—and perhaps may, towards the dog-days, stroll down to thy hermitage, though I had rather meet the devil, than have a distant view of Belton Tower; but I must see thy Columбина. Eh? George—you would not be jealous I suppose?—She who has been brought up among the strait-haired, lop-eared puritans of the United States, will look with no predilection on a being like me.”

Delmont, though he had no doubts of the opinion of Medora, was very far from wishing for the visit he was thus menaced with. The brothers parted with civility, but with a mutual diminution of kindness. Adolphus did not love George the more for being so deeply obliged to him, and George was shocked and concerned to see how little all he had done to serve him, was likely to be permanently useful.

## C H A P. II.

Medora idola mia fra queste frondi  
Fra quest' erbe novelle, e questi fiori  
Odi come susurra,  
Dolci scherzando, una leggera aurette  
Che all' odorate piante,  
Lieve fuggendo, i più bei spiriti invola  
E nel confuso errore,  
Forma da mille odori, un solo odore.

FROM a scene that had so painfully agitated him in London, and so baffled his philosophy, Delmont returned with eagerness to Upwood, where, in his own beloved hermitage, as he often called it, Medora, he hoped, waited to receive him with those smiles of tenderness and affection that have power to soothe every uneasy feeling, and restore to the heart the sweet sensations of hope and love; while in the understanding of her mother, and the steady and useful friendship of Mr. Armitage, he thought himself secure of



finding counsel and relief against that dread of pecuniary distress, he now felt for the first time in his life ; and which the conduct of his brother having created, was but too likely to perpetuate.

Medora was indeed ready to meet him with all the attractions of youthful hope, and with the most artless and bewitching tenderness ; and while he saw her eyes beaming with the pleasure his return gave her, while leaning on his arm she led him through the garden, and seemed enchanted with every plant expanded, since his absence, to its early summer perfection, and seeming like her to greet him with beauty and freshness ; when she then returned with him to the house, and with even infantine simplicity and gaiety, yet chastened by the sweet retiring sense of her own dignity, shewed him her drawings of some of his favourite plants and flowers, to which she had incessantly applied herself during his journey, Delmont, intoxicated with pleasure, forgot for the time that he had been unhappy. But  
the

the next day, when at their own habitation, he sought a private conversation with Mrs. Glenmorris, and related to her what had passed in town, and the engagements he had entered into with his brother, he saw, that however she endeavoured to conceal it, she suffered great pain from the recital, and once more he dreaded lest these embarrassments, however justifiably and even honourably incurred, should be the cause of his having Medora torn from him for ever.

In the friendly counsel and strong reason of Armitage, he had not now his usual resource, for this valuable friend was gone to a remote part of England, to attend on an old friend suffering under recent and most severe affliction; Delmont, therefore, who failed not to perceive the dejection which frequently stole over the countenance and manner of Mrs. Glenmorris, checked on his own part every expression of fruitless regret; and when they met, which was at least once in the course

of every day, he seemed to have resumed his usual tranquillity.

The very effort to conceal and stifle uneasiness, arising from such causes as had lately perplexed him, half operated his cure. Every object around him served to restore him to peace; and he became ashamed of suffering the dread of pecuniary distress, which might never arrive, to disturb him. "Am I not," said he, "young and healthy—am I not a man?—and shall the mere luxuries and indulgencies of that artificial state of life, in which I have been brought up, have so much enervated my mind, as that the fear of losing them shall render me unhappy?" It was, however, the apprehension of being deprived of Medora, that had alone weighed on his heart. Habituated now to her society; more acquainted with her temper, and more apprised of what would one day be the perfections of her mind, he was no longer able to sustain for a moment the idea of losing her—and  
very

very vain was his youthful philosophy, when opposed to the remotest probability of such a calamity.

This apprehension, other letters from her father soon served greatly to remove. Glenmorris expressed in them even more than his former satisfaction at the prospect of his daughter's marriage; and gave his wife unlimited power to retard or hasten it as she saw fit. Whatever change of fortune Medora might experience, from the accession to a moiety of her grandfather's property, should, he declared, make no difference; he only requested that, either immediately before or immediately after their marriage, Delmont would accompany Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter to America, and remain with him three or four months.

“Of an ordinary character,” said he, “in a letter to his wife, of one of those men who cannot exist without the accommodations, the luxuries, the frivolous amusements of London or Paris, I know this would be asking a great sacrifice:

but it is not to the fastidious fine man the day I give my child; it is to a man of the world; to one divested not of local prejudice, but I hope of all prejudices; to him, who can live where his fellow men can live; to him who enjoys the spectacle of a new country rising into a great state by its cultivation—*—fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with dwellings, good roads, orchards, meadows, bridges; where an hundred years ago was wild, woody, and uncultivated\**. Such a man, I know from his letters and from your account of him, Delmont is; on such a man I bestow the second blessing I have on earth; and ask only in return, that I may personally be acquainted with him, whom, on report, on correspondence only, I have agreed to enter with the happiness of my life."

Delmont, who now saw in the university only Medora, hesitated not a moment

\* The American Farmer, page 46.

promise Mrs. Glenmorris, that the will of Glenmorris and her's should be his; and that whether in America or in Europe, wherever that will should direct his steps, his most ardent wish would be to consult the happiness of the lovely creature they were to give him, and to shew how grateful he was for the gift. But now as the moment, when he was to call her his, evidently depended on her mother, Delmont made the most earnest and ardent supplications that it might not be procrastinated. He found, however, that Mrs. Glenmorris, contrary to her usual candid and unreserved manner, declined assigning any reason for the delay which she told him he must submit to. Her delicacy alone was the cause of this reluctant concealment. The truth was, that the law expences she had been drawn into, and the disappointment she had experienced (to which Glenmorris, being still ignorant of it, had applied no remedy in his last letters), were likely toge-

ther to expose her to the severest distress for want of money ; and under such circumstances, she shrunk from the idea of engaging Delmont in a connection, which would encrease the embarrassment that his brother's demands upon him had already brought on. It was painful to her to affect any mystery with him ; yet this circumstance she felt herself compelled to conceal, assuming however a cheerful tone, and assuring him that whatever, besides the extreme youth of her daughter, were her reasons for desiring that the marriage might be postponed, those reasons could exist but a few months, and might even be removed sooner. Delmont vainly endeavoured to obtain an explanation ; and as vainly pleaded that months were to him ages. She contrived to evade giving a positive answer, and endeavoured to soothe his mind, and direct it to such pursuits as she knew would have most power to lighten the hours of uneasy suspense now, and embellish those, which,  
when

when such happiness attained, might, without resources, be liable to satiety hereafter.

Nothing, however, of all he knew or was still in habits of studying, gave him any pleasure, but those branches of science in which he could instruct Medora. To cultivate that mind, on which his own must hereafter rely for the increase of its pleasures, and the mitigation of the evils of life, was so delightful an occupation, that while he was engaged in it, he seemed to enjoy an heaven of his own creation.—Of many of the acquisitions which are deemed necessary in polished society, and pass under the name of accomplishments, Medora knew little in the way commonly known; she had a soft and particularly sweet voice, and sang most correctly by ear, but hardly knew a note of the gamut—she had never learned to dance—there were no dancing masters established in America; but Medora, when divested of a little of that *gaucherie*, which diffidence gave, and which lent her as



many charms as it deprived her of, was all grace and ease; her form was perfect, and every air and attitude, when unrestrained by a certain degree of retiring shyness, was exactly what art would have taught her, could art teach how to be truly lovely. With such an ear for music, and a form so finely proportioned, her dancing wild and without rule, was like what fancy would give to the fabled nymphs of the woods; with other arts, however, she was more scientifically acquainted; she wrote remarkably well—her style though simple was elegant, and her orthography faultless. Having learned to lispen her first accents in Switzerland, the French was in some degree her native tongue; and the servant who had brought her up, and had attended Glenmorris and his wife to America, being of that country, and still remaining with them; the French language as being most familiar to the whole house, was that in which their domestic conversations were always carried on.—There were few Englishmen so well

well acquainted with the Italian as Glenmorris, and he had taken great pains to teach it to Medora; while her mother, who was passionately fond of plants, had instructed her in describing them with the pencil, and she had profited so much, especially since they had resided in England, that she rivalled not only her mother, but some of the first artists in that branch of natural history. But something better than all this, was the good sense which every look and action of Medora expressed.

An ingenious, though somewhat fanciful writer has said, that he could distinguish a person of good understanding from one who had none, merely by their manner of walking; and it is certainly true, that sense may be discovered by the air, the look, and the tone of the voice, even in asking or answering the frivolous questions of common introduction.

Medora, though yet in early youth, and with all that playful vivacity which in early youth only is so very enchanting,  
was

was always, amidst her half-infantile gaiety, a person on whose understanding there was no one would hesitate to pronounce.—Her sensibility was not the exotic production of those forced and unnatural descriptions of tenderness, that are exhibited by the imaginary heroine in impossible adventures; it was the consequence of right and genuine feelings. She loved, she adored her mother, and fondly fancied there was in the world no other such woman; nor was she less affectionately attached to her father; while that intuitive sense, by which she knew how to put herself, in imagination, in the place of another, and to feel for all who were unhappy, made her active in doing all the good that her age and situation admitted. It was impossible to look at her face, though it was far from being regularly handsome, without being sensible of some degree of interest; and whether she smiled archly, or her features expressed a pensive affection, excited the fearing her mother was uneasy, or the son

some story of distress, there was always a charm in her countenance, not the less attractive for being very versatile.

Delmont, as he looked at her, or listened to the artless yet just sentiments she uttered, when she was induced to talk to him, doubted whether more knowledge of the world, and more of that information which books are supposed to give, would not rather tarnish than heighten the beauty of a mind, that now seemed to resemble one of those lovely spots, where every object that enchants the sight, or delights the imagination, is assembled; but which, if once the hand of art is introduced, loses that *Arcadian* bloom, for which no improvement in clearing its wild rocks, or calling in more extensive prospects, can compensate. Medora, though she had read and heard of such things, knew not how to imagine, that fraud and perfidy, malice and selfishness, were so thickly sown, that the unguarded and innocent were every moment liable to suffer from them in the commonest walks of life.—

Medora

Medora knew not, and it was impossible for her to understand, from any correspondent feelings in her own breast, that there were people who would detest her for being young and lovely—who would despise and shun her if she was poor—and yet calumniate without knowing her, if she should ever be distinguished either for talents or fortune. She knew not that there are a race of men, who live ostensibly and avowedly on contention and pecuniary disputes.—Others, who exist on the follies and fears of mankind, which they therefore encourage and perpetuate.—That there are persons, who fly from every subject that can give them trouble, or interrupt their epicurean indolence, even if angels were in question; and that there are figures, born of women, and calling themselves men, who have no feeling but for themselves—and can hear the wretched execrate their fate, and see the bitter tears of despair, without one sensation of humanity.—To learn all this was a sad lesson, and Delmont, who hoped

ed to fold this lovely girl to his heart, shelter her from every evil of life, sometimes enquired of himself why he should pollute her mind by describing the mists "of the great Babel," where she might never be; then, as if he had seen how different was to be her fate, from that he had fondly projected, he thought that occasions might arise, in which perfect ignorance of the ways of the world would occasion a feebleness of mind, and a want of that feminine fortitude, which, in many instances, is not the unnecessary quality in the mind of a woman.

Their reading then, besides poetry, of which the whole party was passionately fond, was extended to history, and to such pictures of human life as authors represent; but Medora, who liked very few of them, continually contrived to exchange her study of the morning, for some of her travels, where descriptions of scenes are exchanged only for accounts of the simple lives of the natives; or for such

such books as describe the great phenomena of nature, and speak rather of the works of God, than of those by whom his fairest works are too often disfigured.

Engaged as they were every hour in some study or pursuit, equally agreeable to them all, the days passed away but too rapidly, and when Delmont had been returned above a month, it seemed as if he had hardly been a week restored to the manner of life he so much loved.—From the delicious visions of its continuance after his marriage, and return from America, with even an encrease of felicity, he was suddenly roused by two letters.

One was from the man of law, who had procured him on his personal security, jointly with his brother, a part of the money Adolphus Delmont had borrowed; the other was from another person of the same profession, who informed him, that as to that sum for which he had agreed to engage Upwood as a security, and which was to be replaced with the legacies left by Lord Castledane, and to be  
furnished:

ished by both the brothers, there was hopes of obtaining it from Sir Appulbyrges, who seemed resolved to delay the ment by every means in his power; both these gentlemen agreed, that George Delmont must immediately be London, to answer as well personally, by his property, for the engagements had made; for Major Delmont was re to Ireland, and the time when this iness must be closed was directly hand. As this was the first intelligence Delmont had received of the departure of his brother for Ireland, he was much vexed as any thing of such a nature could vex him. He now saw in his person and his little estate deeply edged, for a man who appeared to have principle whatever; he saw pecuniary barrassment overclouding a life, which fondly thought his having avoided these fettering connections and professions, which men of family usually make at is called their way in the world, would



would have permitted him to dedicate to literary leisure and love.

Thus, without any fault of his own, he was compelled to enter into that wretched sort of contention, which lawyers foment and live by. He was to resign the independence he had so earnestly endeavoured to preserve, and could now hardly call his own the house he inhabited. To procrastinate, however, was to encrease the evil—he therefore determined to go to London, and endeavour, by personal application to Sir Apulby Gorges, to procure the legacies, which would in a great degree relieve him.

Without any misrepresentation or insincerity, Delmont accounted to Mrs. Glenmorris for the necessity of this second absence. He simply told her, that his brother's careless improvidence had left some business undone in London, which would become more intricate if he did not immediately attend to it, and  
that

that he thought it therefore best to go for a few days. He next endeavoured to prevail upon her and Medora, to take up their abode entirely at Upwood during his absence; this, however, Mrs. Glenmorris declined, but promised to be there every day, and that Medora should go on with a series of wild flowers she had begun, and laughingly added, that they would make a *Flora Upwoodiana*; for from the great variety of ground around this beautiful spot, which consisted in some places of a rich marly earth, in others of a strong clay, where the soil of one field was a light loam, and adjoining to it a heath, with sand in one spot and peat earth in another, and where a stream starting from the foot of a chalk hill, wound through rocky hollows and woody hangers of beach, there was an assemblage of almost every plant indigenous to England, except those that are the immediate inhabitants of the sea-shore.

With an heart heavier than it had been on his first parting, Delmont mounted his horse; Medora saw that he made  
every

every effort to appear cheerful, and therefore resisted, as well as she could, the disposition she felt to weep. Her mother, contrary to her usual custom, was unable to assume the semblance of cheerfulness; but the moment Delmont was gone, told Medora she was going to write in a closet, particularly appropriated to her use, at Upwood; and then, in a walk alone through Delmont's favourite copse, Medora gave way to a weakness, which she felt to be a weakness even while indulging it; but accustomed always to reason with herself, she soon began to enquire whether these useless tears could be agreeable to her lover—"Ah! let me rather," said she, "occupy my time in something that may be pleasing to him." She returned to her drawing table, and went on with the flowers Delmont had himself gathered, and placed there in the morning."

"Sweet pliability of the human spirit," says a favourite author\*, in speaking of

\* Sterne.

the facility with which books beguile our sorrows; "sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments; and, when the path is too rugged for the feet, enable us to get off it to one, which fancy has strewn with rose-buds of delight."

And thus it is with those who are fondly attached to music \* or to design; for each have power to charm away many disquiets. There *are*, undoubtedly, sorrows which neither these nor any other occupations can mitigate, which distract the head and unnerve the hand, while every object appears hateful, and most so those that were in happier times the most delightful: but for a young person, yet uncrushed by heavier afflictions, and for a transient vexation, there is nothing more desirable than to urge the mind to one of these occupations. What can more forcibly

\* If any thing disturbs me, I go to my harp-fichord, play one of the lively airs I have danced to, and all is forgotten!

Goethe in Werter.

illustrate

illustrate the force of such impressions, than that interesting passage of Rousseau. He describes himself walking with Madame De Warens. " En marchant elle vit quelque chose bleu dans la haie, et me dit : voilà de la pervanche encore en fleur. Je n'avois jamais vue de la pervanche, je ne me baissai pas pour l'examiner, et j'ai la vue trop courte pour distinguer à terre les plantes, de ma hauteur, je jetai seulement en passant un coup d'oeil sur celle là, et pres de trente ans se sont passés sans que j'aie revu de la pervanche, ou que j'y aie fait attention. En 1764. étant a Cressier avec mon ami Monsieur du Peyrou, nous montrions une petite montagne au sommet de laquelle il a un joli salon, q'u'il appelle avec raison, belle vue ; je commençois alors d'herboriser un peu ; en montant et regardant parmi les buissons, je pousse un cri de joie. Ah ! voila de la pervanche ! . . . . . Le lecteur peut juger par l'impression d'un si petit objet de celle que m'ont fait tous ceux qui se rapportent

I tent

tent à la meme époque\*.”—Medora, thus occupied, soon felt the pain appeased, which Delmont’s departure gave her ; she imagined his early return, the pleasure she should have in showing him her improvements, and hearing his criticisms. It was now the middle of June, and the country was in its most luxuriant beauty—Myriads of the sweetest and gayest of those plants that form the chaplet of the English Flora were every where scattered in profusion beneath her feet, and she herself might have sat for a picture of that delicious imaginary deity, as for a day or two after Delmont’s departure she

\* I give no translation, because those who are interested in such an anecdote will probably understand it as it is, and some others, who are not, may think that it already has taken up too great a space.

I may however add, that some drawings of plants, done many years ago by a very near relation of mine in a favourite residence, recal to my mind at this moment the scenery of the place, the spots where they grew, and the very sensations that the air, the sunshine, and landscape then gave me.

returned home from her wood walks loaded with innumerable flowers ; but then (and Medora half fancied that his absence had something to do with it) the weather grew so extremely hot, that even her early morning walks, and those of an evening after sun-set, became extremely fatiguing. To this oppressive state of the atmosphere succeeded a day of the most tempestuous weather, thunder and lightning, hail and wind. Another interval of excessive heat lasted almost a fortnight longer, and then storms seemed to clear and cool the air, till they were again succeeded by heat equal to that felt under the torrid zone.

Medora often spoke to her mother of the fatigue Delmont must suffer in London—"a place," said she, "which he hates so much, and which I have heard you say is so disagreeable in hot weather. Oh ! would he were returned." Other days however passed on, and Delmont came not : he wrote punctually, and Medora, fortunately less read in the ways  
of

of the world than her mother, was satisfied with his letters, because they expressed his ardent and even increasing affection for her; but Mrs. Glenmorris, thought she perceived a great deal of effort to hide his uneasiness, and while he merely mentioned that the business was cruelly spun out by the people he was concerned with, she perceived that, impatient as he had reason to be at frivolous and vexatious delays, there was yet some pain yet more serious, though he endeavoured, with his usual pretence to philosophy, to pass slightly over it.

Among other proofs of this, was his continual charges to Medora to pursue her drawing—He sent her down a new set of colours, some fine papers, and every useful article, and added a petition, that he might find on his return his favourite plants, which he was thus deprived of seeing in bloom, described by her pencil.

Mrs. Glenmorris, though less able even than he was to divest herself of her particular anxiety, that now increased but



too rapidly, was willing to disguise his solicitude, and in a sort of half playful half melancholy disposition, answered the request, by the describing the premature approach of Autumn in the following

### S O N N E T:

The fairest flowers are gone!—for tempests fell,  
And with wild wing swept some unblown away,  
While, on the upland lawn or rocky dell,  
More faded in the Day-star's ardent ray;  
And scarce the copse or hedge-rows shade beneath  
Or by the runnels \* grassy course; appear  
Some lingering blossoms of the earlier year,  
Mingling bright florets, in the yellow wreath  
That Autumn with his poppies and his corn  
Binds on his tawny temples.—So the schemes  
Rais'd by fond HOPE, in life's unclouded morn,  
When sanguine youth enjoys delusive dreams,  
EXPERIENCE withers! till scarce one remains,  
Flattering the languid heart, where only reason reigns

Very different from such ideas as beguiled the house at Upwood were those which Delmont was under the necessity of submitting to; in spite of all his philosophy they disturbed his peace, and

\* “Bubbling runnels join'd the fount.”

COLLINS.

threatened

threatened to deprive him (if their causes could not be removed) of the independence he had so anxiously cherished, and so fondly flattered himself with enjoying.

It would be painful to follow him to the chambers of Mr. Solicitor Cancer, of Gray's Inn, and from thence to those of a special pleader in the Temple. These were the persons employed by Adolphus, and through whose advice George had engaged himself, both personally and by consenting to pledge his landed property; they now looked very grave on the subject, seemed internally to blame the conduct of the elder brother, yet would not speak out, or direct the younger how to act, so as to escape the very unpleasant consequences that were likely to follow. The counsellor hum'd and haw'd; observed that there had been great, very great errors committed; things were very unlike what he expected; he understood matters to be very different, or should have advised otherwise; and at length

ended by contradicting every thing he had said before ; and George Delmont found he was himself answerable for all the money Adolphus had borrowed, whose failure in fulfilling the conditions had made him liable to the whole. This, which was confirmed by the conduct and manner of Cancer, was indeed an exercise for his philosophy ; yet he would patiently have supported it, had he not dreaded, as the probable consequence, the loss of Medora. Though he never dissembled the truth, he considered it unnecessary to enter into the mortifying detail to Mrs. Glenmorris, till he was sure of the extent of the evil that was to be encountered ; his letters, therefore, contained sketches of the persons he saw, most of whom were new to him, and therefore struck him as being strange ; for he had never before had occasion to converse with such sort of people as lawyers, or had he ever before seen Sir Appulby Gorges, who, though now a statesman, belonged once himself to the honourable  
fraternity

fraternity of attornies. "Sir Appulby," said Delmont in one of his letters, "is a strange being; he appears to me never to have had any intellects beyond what might qualify him for the same honest calling exercised by his father, who was, they say, an exciseman, at some little town in the north—This man, who is celebrated for the effrontery with which he has made his way to fortune, by dint of accommodating those above him, and who, to the basest humiliation towards them, adds the most supercilious insolence towards every one who has been incapable of so rising; whose heart is hardened by undeserved, unexpected prosperity, and whose head is so confused, that no one can be astonished at the disorder which pervaded the department he directed when he was in office—this Sir Appulby Gorges received me with fawning civility, and by way, I suppose, of dazzling my imagination by his magnificence, carried me round his improvements. Lavish and absurd expenditure

of money wrung from the people (for such one must consider the wealth of the ephemeron) could give me only pain. affected not satisfaction I could not feel but hastened to enter upon the business which alone could have brought me to Sir Appulby Gorges. He was very reluctantly brought to the point; at length, as I resolutely returned to it again and again, he began in his odd north-country snapping sort of croak, which it is not easy to describe, to say, "that in regard to the legacies left to myself and my family by his late dear friend, Lord Castledanes, [*he the friend of such a man as my uncle!*] would give orders and directions to his solicitor, Mr. Anthony Cancer, that all might be *seen about*, ordered, and settled, as should be *right*, *proper*, and *legal* (legal is a favourite word with Sir Appulby) and he hoped, and believed, and supposed, that the whole would be arranged, concluded, and finished in a short time, as should be legal and proper, and proper and legal, according to the different demands, claims, and

and expectations of the several persons and parties to be interested in, or benefitted thereby, according to their said several claims, liens, demands, and rights, be the same more or less, lying and being in the estates, fortunes, assets and effects, sums of money in government securities, mortgages or bonds, or lands, domains, forests, woods, coppices, parks, warrens, marshes, heaths, orchards, gardens, or paddocks, commons, rights of common, fee farm and copyholds, service or fines, mansion houses, barns, stables, granaries, out-houses, mills or granges, rivers, water-courses, fisheries, manors or reputed manors, or any other property or properties, wheresoever and whatsoever, of his late dear and honourable friend the Earl of Castle-danes, as by his last will and testament, recourse being had thereto, shall and may, or will more fully appear." You smile, dear madam, or perhaps are half angry at my writing all this unintelligible jargon; but such, I do assure you, is the style by which Sir Appulby hopes to drive people away, whom he has no inclination to satisfy ;

and I own I was for a moment so astonished by his impudence, that though "nil admirari" is my usual maxim, I remained almost five minutes silent. Sir Appulby taking advantage of it, found it convenient to suppose I was willing to await his reference to his solicitor, Mr. Anthony Cancer, and putting by me, cried, "I rejoice, Mr. Delmont, to see you among us—I hope you are come to lay claim, in a certain line, to some of the place of consequence which your birth, and rank, and family pretensions entitle you to—I assure you I shall be glad of it." I replied with very little attention to this civility, "If you mean, Sir Appulby, that I am come among you in a political sense, I answer, that I neither am, nor ever intend it; nor should I ever have left my name at your door, had you not been executor to my uncle, which I am heartily sorry for, and which is the only part of his will I ever regretted."

"You may easily suppose how a man,  
who

who has never listened to a word of truth, nor spoke one for years; *looked*, on hearing this plain sentence. He can occasionally be extremely deaf, and thought it convenient to have this auricular imperfection at the present moment; for far from resenting what I had said, he affected not even to have heard it, but went on to say how much he had been told of my talents, and of the great and advantageous marriage which he had understood with great pleasure it was in my power to make with that fine young woman, Miss Goldthorpe, the daughter of his old friend [all rich men are his friends]. In a word, I found he had his lesson from Mrs. Crewkherne, and was at her instigation, as well as for reasons of his own, disposed to exercise on me those *attractive* qualities which have obtained for him the name of *Old Rhodium*. You, dearest madam, who are so perfectly in possession of my sentiments, will believe, that after this discovery the dialogue did not proceed much farther; I flung from

D 6

him



him with disdain and abhorrence; though I have seen him once since, our conversation was on my side peremptory on his evasive, and much less civil. I never will pollute another sheet of paper, nor I can help it, with his odious name; and have merely told you what this man is, because I foresee delays and difficulties arising from his having the management of my uncle's affairs, that will demand the exercise of more patience and philosophy than I may be able to find, if, besides the extreme unpleasantness of holding any communication with him, it occasions the necessity of longer absence from the place which you and Medora have rendered so dear to G. D."

## C H A P. III.

Però ch' ogni altro amaro chi si pone  
Tra questa soavissima dolcezza  
E un augumento, una perfezione  
Ed un condurne Amore a piu finezza.

**D**ELMONT had been a fortnight absent, and Mrs. Glenmorris perceived from the style of his letters, that though he forbore to say so, his perplexities increased, and that there was but little probability of his immediately getting through them; yet with the slight mention which he thought necessary to make of business, he mingled so much of literary anecdote and sensible remark, that she hoped the affairs still detaining him were not likely to have any very unpleasant consequences. Though possessing herself an unusual share of fortitude, she did not imagine so young a man as Delmont, with acute feelings and warm passions, could

could so easily call off his mind from any very embarrassing circumstances, and apply it with so much gaiety to matters of amusement. But all the worth of Delmont Mrs. Glenmorris could not yet know, nor how greatly his constant habit of reflecting on the real value of every object had given his reason the ascendancy over all those inferior motives which agitate the greater part of mankind. It is only at a later period of life that most minds, however strong, dare venture to leave the beaten track, and deviate into sense and freedom. Delmont, at an age when the laws of the country had but just emancipated him from tutelage, was already exempt from the dominion of those paltry pleasures and servile prejudices that influence the conduct, or disgrace the understanding, of the generality of young men.

There were, however, vulnerable parts about his heart, and to those a strange fatality seemed to direct its arrows. The first

first sentiment he had been conscious of was tenderness for his mother. Whatever *she* had loved was dear to him; every sensation she had encouraged had taken deep root in his memory and in his heart; and his affection for his family had formed a part of the system grown up in his mind, which neither the haughty coldness of Adolphus in their early youth, nor the essential difference of their characters, since the character of each were formed, had been powerful enough to destroy—He carried it perhaps to excess. Even while his brother mingled a degree of insult with the demand of service he expected, and while his reason told him how probable it was, that he was, in gratifying Adolphus, undermining the structure he had fondly imagined of his own happiness, he had not courage to refuse engagements that, had no such happiness offered itself, must have embarrassed his affairs, and embittered his life with the interference of lawyers, and perplexities among money

money lenders, which his temper was ill calculated to sustain. •

Of all this he was soon to become perfectly conscious ; for he suddenly received information, that his brother, Major Delmont, whose departure for Ireland was already sufficiently embarrassing, had so entangled himself there, and had contrived to collect so many disagreeable circumstances together, that nothing could either extricate *him*, or relieve George himself from the consequences of the engagements he had entered into, but his immediately going to Ireland himself.

Once convinced of this, George Delmont hesitated not a moment. He wrote a short letter to Mrs. Glenmorris, explaining his reasons for the sudden resolution he was thus compelled to take, and departed directly.

Medora, who had hitherto considered his absence as necessary, yet likely to be of short duration, and without future consequence, could not now think of the  
\* distance

distance that was to divide them without extreme pain. Her mother was unwilling to encourage any of that languor of spirit, which avails nothing, and of which the indulgence in early life is very likely to enervate the mind, and to render women helpless and burthenfome on occasions where to exert resolution may be their duty; she therefore sometimes gravely reasoned with her daughter, representing that Delmont had certainly gone to Ireland merely to accelerate the time when he might return to them freed from all solicitude about these unpleasant affairs relative to his elder brother; and that there was nothing worth being alarmed at. At other times she applied to ridicule; and laughing, besought her daughter not to sigh like a young heroine of a novel for the absence of her shepherd: but, in fact, the heart of Mrs. Glenmorris was very heavy; the gaiety she thought it necessary to assume was forced merely to prevent Medora's perceiving uneasiness

uneasiness that every hour as it passed served only to increase. The events of her past life had taught Mrs. Glenmorris, that by calmness and fortitude alone, remediable evils are to be sustained and conquered, and she endeavoured to resist the pain which the present circumstance unavoidably inflicted on her; but it was not in her power to call her mind from the uneasy recollection that she was almost without money, and that she knew not where to obtain a supply. Her soul revolted from the degradation of soliciting Mr. Petrify, the merchant, who had transacted Glenmorris's business since she arrived in England. To him, however, she had twice written, expressing her distress at the circumstance of the un-honoured bills, and her anxiety to know when she might expect a remedy against the inconvenience she might soon sustain from this circumstance; but instead of any offers of temporary assistance, which the obligations he formerly had owed to Glenmorris might have induced

a liberal

a liberal minded man to give her, she was saluted by such lines as these :

“ Mrs. Glenmorris,

“ Madam,

“ Your’s received—am concerned at your having been still disappointed as to the bills drawn on A and B.—but can say nothing thereon.—Hoping for good news remain, Madam, your humble servants,

“ J. PETRIFY and Co.

“ P. S. Should we hear any thing thereof will drop you a line.”

Mrs. Glenmorris, while dreading for Medora rather than for herself, the pecuniary distress thus rapidly approaching, had concealed it even from Armitage, to whom she might have written, and whose liberal spirit, greater even than his fortune authorised him prudently to exert, would have relieved every uneasiness, and even have resented that she should have been so distressed. Had



had for a moment felt them while he had the power to assist her—But it was her knowledge of his generous temper and straitened circumstances that withheld her; and because she also knew that nothing relative to her and Medora would long be concealed from Delmont. Armitage had, in common with his friend, ideas on the subject of money very different indeed from those that influence the generality of the world—They both thought that true friendship consisted in a mutual communication of the good, and a mutual alleviation of the evils of life—They were not like those who profess unbounded regard, yet shrink from any man, whatever may be his merit or their pretended affection for him, the moment there appears any danger of his wanting pecuniary assistance; and Mrs. Glenmorris, well aware of this singularity of character, could not determine, situated as she was now, to reveal her difficulties to either of her friends; yet she doubted  
whether

whether it was not false pride, and whether it would not subject her to their blame, should it at any time be known.

Now, however, since Delmont was gone, her scruples would have been partly removed.—While Armitage was at Ashleycombe, he had always assisted her in settling with Mr. Petrify, and even in lesser concerns; and had he now been there, and from thence visited her as he used to do, she could hardly have hidden from him the distress that preyed on her mind; she had therefore determined to write to him; yet as the first fleet of American merchant ships were soon expected, and she thought it certain she should hear from Glenmorris, she delayed from one day to another to begin a letter, which it was very unpleasant to her to write at all.

In the mean time Delmont waited some days at Milford Haven for a wind to convey him to Ireland.—The delay might perhaps render this journey, so reluctantly taken, abortive; and he thought  
with

with heaviness and uneasiness of a long separation from all he loved, while the business he was thus compelled to engage in included every sort of association that he most hated.

The tedious interval of waiting for a wind he amused by writing to Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora an account of his journey through Wales.—The country was now in its richest summer luxuriance; but the wild and magnificent features of nature; the mountains and cataracts, which on a former tour had so much excited his admiration, he passed by, if not with indifference, at least with very different sensations from those with which he had formerly surveyed them.

Some of these variable sensations he described to Mrs. Glenmorris, in a letter which he wrote to her from the seaport.

“You can imagine,” said he, “nothing more unlike my former self than I am at this moment.—I now enjoy nothing as I did five years since, when I passed

two months in wandering over Wales—and yet I am in perfect health—I am unlettered by the restraints which at that period of my life it was fit I should submit to; and I know that in a few weeks I shall return to you and Medora, in a few months belong to you, and that the rest of my life will be dedicated to her.—There is something very childish, and certainly very unphilosophical, in this foolish depression of spirit, and in quarrelling with the wind, which pertinaciously insists on blowing a steady gale exactly from the quarter which makes it impossible for me to put to sea.—I was not, however, at all more reasonable during my journey—Every beautiful scene made me regret that I was alone—I wanted you and our lovely little paintress to share with me, or rather to create for me, the pleasure I now could not find without you.

“The last day of my journey, I sent my servant on before in the chaise, and hoped to fatigue myself by walking the eight miles that remained to the next stage ;

stage; for since I have left Upwood I have acquired a foolish custom of setting up half the night, yet without being able to sleep the rest of it—I left the road and followed, on a green hill that rose on one side, a path made by the sheep and their shepherd, which, still mounting, brought me among other hills, till I came at once to a point where this mountainous tract sinks suddenly into a narrow valley, bounded by precipices of greater height—a valley which Nature seems to have cleft on purpose to make way for a wide and shallow but noisy stream, clear as the purest crystal that bursts from the caverned bosom of an immense crag, quite unlike the turf-clad downs I had been passing, and dashes away over fragments of stone, till by the intervention of other high grounds it is lost to the eye—its banks are green and smiling; copses creep half way up the hills, and tufts of oak and ash aspire above the hedge-rows that part the emerald meadows on either side.—The evening was beautiful

beautiful, and the last rays of the sun, before the hills shut them out, fell on a little thatched cottage immediately under the path I was in, so that I looked down upon it with its haystack, hop-ground and orchard, all in miniature.—I sketched it for Medora, and the anticipation of the delight I shall have in sitting by her while she completes the composition, was the only pleasurable idea I had felt in the course of the day.

“The labourer returned from his day’s work before I left my post above his humble happy dwelling, and at the same moment a boy of about eight years old, mounted on a Welsh poney, who had been sent to the neighbouring town, came with his basket, and the good woman, with one in her arms, and four younger children following her, surrounded them both—I added the group, as they stood, to my landscape.—The picture of domestic felicity is always delightful; I would have descended by the path that led immediately to the cottage, and have asked for a glass of milk,

and directions how to proceed on my way, but one of those fits of moodiness which I catch myself in too frequently, and which will degenerate, perhaps, into fullness and ill-humour, stole, I know not how, over me—and I determined, as I had yet light enough, to recover the road from which I had deviated, without exchanging a word with any human being. Within half a mile I crossed the rivulet by a bridge, and soon regained the way to the post town, where, not desirous of remaining, I ordered horses immediately, and without stopping, except to change again, arrived here at midnight. I bade poor Clement, who was much more disposed to sleep than I was, go to his bed as soon as he had supped, and I wandered out alone to the seaside. Satiated as I, and as I suppose two-thirds of the reading world have been with sonnets, your's from Upwood has reconciled me to them, and even tempted me, as I traversed the beach, to sonnetize myself—

SONNET.

## SONNET.

Huge vapours brood above the clifted shore,  
 Night o'er the ocean settles, dark and mute,  
 Save where is heard the repercussive roar  
 Of drowsy billows, on the rugged foot  
 Of rocks remote; or still more distant tone  
 Of seamen, in the anchored bark, that tell  
 The watch reliev'd; or one deep voice alone  
 Singing the hour, and bidding "strike the bell."  
 All is black shadow, but the lucid line  
 Mark'd by the light surf on the level sand,  
 Or where afar, the ship-lights faintly shine  
 Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land  
 Mislead the pilgrim; such the dubious ray  
 That wavering reason lends, in life's long darkling  
 way.

"You will laugh perhaps, as Armitage  
 sometimes does, when he says of me, that

"My nobility is wonderful melancholy,

"Is it not most gentleman-like to be melancholy?"

And when he supposes that I shall  
 be enlisted, if I commence sonneteer,  
 among the moody minstrels, "mewling  
 out their imaginary miseries in maga-  
 zines."—I murmured myself to sleep  
 however, invoking the presiding powers  
 of every point of the compass to blow



favourably, or forbear to blow perversely, so that I might have sailed this morning; but I find it still impossible, and here I must wait, endeavouring to recollect and apply all the wise sentences I have ever heard recommending the virtue of patience; I have no books, and must now wander about till night, or return, after the walk I am going to take, to tell you again the nothing that occurs in my present mode of existence.

“I laid down my pen, and sauntered out along the beach, watching if any of those signs appeared by which the seamen told me change of weather might be foretold on this coast.—But there was nothing that could flatter my hopes for to-morrow. I gathered a few wild plants that grew on the rocks, and among the shingles of the shore, then threw them peevishly away; and went into a cottage about two miles from the town.—The inhabitants, an old fisherman and his son, who are occasionally pilots, were within at their early supper; I entered into conversation with them,

and the more cheerfully continued it, because they assured me that there would be a change of weather within twelve hours.—They saw my impatience for it, and the old man, put into good humour by the half-crown I had given him, said ; “ Ah! master of mine, you have for certain some fair lady waiting for your honour t’other side the water, for I saw you last night asking about the wind.”

“ There may be other causes for my impatience,” said I, “ besides a fair lady ; I may have business you know, for myself or for my country.”—

“ Belike so,” cried the man, “ but methinks your honour is rather of the youngest to take much hoe about all them there botherations of business and politics and the like.—Ah! master, I’ve seen somewhat of your lovers as they’re call’d, and indeed have reason enough to remember um, for what betided about a *misfortunate* young gentlewoman who you must know would needs come and lodge in this here old cottage of mine—and it was the last

lodging she ever had occasion for.—I took up her poor body indeed, and because they said she was *feto de se*, I think, they would not let her be buried in our church-yard.—So my wife and I, my wife was living then, it will be two years ago come old Michaelmas, and our Ned, who help'd dig the grave; we buried her in the lee of the great Mavor Crag; I mark'd the place, for I thought some time or other perhaps her friends might make enquiry about her.—But none ever came, and to this hour we don't know who the poor young gentlewoman belong'd to.—She had always paid us very handsome, week by week, and the night before she made an end of herself, she said to my dame, that being sure she should not live long, she desired that if in case she died, we should take her cloaths—every thing but just a sheet to wrap her in, and a sort of a piece of glass that open'd and shut, that was done about with little shining stones, and tied round her neck; and *that* she said must be buried

Buried with her; and so it was, for I would not have touch'd it for all the world.—My wife dress'd her in a suit of white linen, for she owed us nothing, and we could not bear to wrong her after she was dead.—So we kept the rest of her cloaths, and a little gold box that she had, for above a year; and we put, as our landlord at the Harp advis'd, an advertisement into the news-papers, to tell any body that belong'd to our lodger where they might come for the things that belong'd to her; but hearing no manner of tidings of nobody, and times going hard with us, while my poor wife lay sick, at last we sold the rest of her cloaths and the box; but there be now some books and papers which mayhap might tell who she was, if any body cared to enquire; but, poor soul, I reckon she had disobligh'd her friends for this said love; and so they took no reck of her.”—

“ You may imagine my curiosity and pity were at once excited; I enquired

the name of this unhappy young lady, and how she died?

"As for her name," replied my informer, "she bid us to call her Elizabeth Lisburne; but I do not believe that *was* her name. She used for the month she was here to send our Ned, or else I used to go, every day to the post at Milford for letters directed to that name; but only one came—and after that she grew more and more sad and sorrowful till we lost her.

"And how lost her?" enquired I.

"Why, master, she was wont every night to go wandering about. Indeed she did not do much else all day, and I thought she expected some body from over the water—for *she* was always making enquiry concerning the wind—but one night (she had shut herself up in her room all the day before) one night, she went out, took a small boat, a sort of punt that serves me to go after my lobster pots to the rocks, and pushed it off as we suppose, till she came into deep water,  
and

and then threw herself in. When we found she did not come in to go to bed, I said nothing of what I was afraid on to my wife, but I miss'd the punt, and thought how it was. With the next tide her handkerchief came ashore, and the little boat; I went out, and found her body!"

"The old man, whose rugged outside hid a compassionate heart, pass'd his hand across his eyes.

"I asked him if he would let me see the books and papers he mentioned. "Yes," he said, "willingly if your Honour desires it; I suppose it can do no harm to the poor deceased; perhaps—but 'twill be of no use at all now; or else they that left such a fine young creature to die, ought to be made to feel for their hard heartedness; but there! *she* would be no better for it. She don't suffer any more pain now. I hope she is in heaven, for all our justice, and the parson together, would not let her be buried in holy ground. I hope

God Almighty took pity on her for all that."

"If I was affected with this conversation, I was much more so on perusing some of the papers, which I purchased, together with five books, of my honest fisherman; bidding him consider what I gave him for them as the last legacy of the unfortunate Elizabeth Lisburne. I told him, that as she had certainly wished to be concealed, I should not think it right to seek those who might have belonged to her, but that if any accident ever brought them to my knowledge, I should endeavour to obtain for him a farther reward for his humanity to an unhappy stranger.

"I then—for I was disposed to indulge the melancholy thoughts this incident had given rise to—I then bade him lead me to the Mavor Crag, near which this luckless young woman was buried. It was a place fit to meditate in on such a story.

Beetling

Beetling rocks, barren, cold, fullen, hung over a stony cove, and on all sides enclosed it, save when it opened to the sea. One point, towering above the rest in tremendous majesty, threatened to overwhelm, in the first violent storm, the humble grave of the poor suicide, which was now marked by a slight rising in the sand, and by two blocks of lime-stone which the fisherman and his son had placed at the head and feet, imitating, as well as they could, the receptacles of the dead so mark'd in those places, where those who die in the common course of nature are huddled together in consecrated earth! The remote and lonely grave of this poor girl, she would perhaps have preferred, had she chosen one. I sat down on a fragment of rock near it, and when I read the following lines, contained among several copies of verses, I was glad, methought, that she was dead. They seem to have been begun as an invocation to the winds, but her mind, overwhelmed



with anguish, started from imaginary beings to its real and deeply felt sorrows:

"Ye vagrant winds yon clouds that bear  
Thro' the blue desert of the air,  
Soft sailing in the summer sky,  
Do e'er your wandering breezes meet  
A wretch in misery so complete,  
So lost as I am!

"And yet where e'er your pinions wave  
O'er some lost friend's, some lover's grave,  
Surviving sufferers still complain;  
Some parent, of his hopes depriv'd,  
Some wretch who has himself surviv'd,  
Laments in vain.

"Blow where ye list on this sad earth,  
Some soul-corroding care has birth,  
And grief in all her accents speaks:  
Here dark Dejection groans; and there  
Wild Phrenzy, daughter of Despair,  
Unconscious shrieks.

"Ah! were it death had torn apart  
The tie that bound him to my heart;  
Tho' fatal still the pang would prove;  
Yet had it sooth'd this bleeding breast,  
To know, I had 'till then possess'd  
Hillario's love.

"And,

" And, where his dear dear ashes slept,  
Long nights and days I then had wept,  
Till by slow mining grief oppress'd;  
As memory fail'd, its vital heat  
This wayward heart had lost; and beat  
Itself to rest.

" But still Hillario lives; to prove  
To some more happy maid, his love;  
Hillario at her feet I see!  
His voice still murmurs fond desire,  
Still beam his eyes with lambent fire,  
But not for me!

" Ah! words, my bosom's peace that stole,  
Ah! looks, that won my melting soul,  
Who dares your dear delusion try,  
In dreams may all Elysium see,  
Then, undeciv'd, awake like me,  
Awake and die.

" Like me, who now abandon'd, lost,  
Roam wildly on the desert coast,  
With eager eyes the sea explore;  
Yet hopeless watch, and vainly rave,  
Hillario o'er the western wave  
Returns no more!

" Yet go forgiven, Hillario, go!  
Such anguish may'st thou never know,

As that which checks my labouring breath;  
 Pain so severe, not long endures,  
 And I have still my choice of cures;  
 Madness or death \*."

"The verses are not very good, yet they are surely the language of the heart, and mine aches when I think of what this poor unfortunate must have endured. Who could she be? I will not lift up the veil that her misfortunes have rendered sacred. To us in this world, she is now nothing.

"I have some other pieces that I at this moment think worth transcribing. I will keep them, however, till my feelings give

\* These stanzas were given me by a gentleman, now gone to another quarter of the world. They were composed for a work he meditated, but gave up soon after beginning it, and they have, I believe, no reference to any circumstance of real life. A few words are altered from what they originally were. Some part of them appeared, by the officious indiscretion of an acquaintance, in one of the daily prints some years ago.

me

me leave to consult my judgment. The shade of poor Elizabeth, sitting forlorn on her desolate rock, and resolving on suicide, is now too strongly before me. I have something to think for to night, that may make me think less of the distance, alas ! the increasing distance between us.

Adieu ! for the present, to my two dear friends.

G. D.

Thursday morning.

The wind has chopped about, as the sailors term it ; I do not exclaim, with my favourite Sterne—Oh ! the Devil chop it—for I want to be gone. Yet alas ! what has it done for me—what will it do for me, but put the sea between me and all I love on earth !

But they call me !—Once more farewell !

Why dost thou treat me with rebukes, instead  
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrows?  
CHAP. IV.

Why dost thou treat me with rebukes, instead  
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrows?

WHEN a summons, which she reluctantly obeyed, came from her solicitor as well as from Mr. Petrify, to attend in London, the low ebb of Mrs. Glenmorris's fortune was such, as left her hardly twenty pounds in her pocket, and she had some weeks lodging to pay.— She had resolutely declined any assistance either from Delmont, when the affair of the protested notes was necessarily explained to her, or from Armitage, whose fortune was very limited, and whose continual exertions in the service of his friends, left him often in distress himself. The doubts, therefore, of Mrs. Glenmorris whether she should be able to support, even for a short time, the expences of sojourning in London, had made her for a moment entertain the thought of going  
to

to the house of a friend of her family's, and once of her's, a Mrs. Grinstead, to whom some time before she had applied, with an hope that this lady, who was an intimate at the house of Lady Mary, might have brought about a reconciliation; but either the attempt was languidly made, or the long rooted antipathy of the dowager to her youngest daughter was become too inveterate, for it proved wholly fruitless.

Mrs. Grinstead was the daughter of a baronet of very ancient family, but who being born at a remote distance from the title, (for there were nine or ten persons to precede him, who all died in the course of a few years) had been taught to shuffle through the world as well as he could, with especial care however not to sully his honourable lineage by the degrading acquisitions of commerce, so that having only one of those places under government, that are created for the convenience of younger brothers of a certain rank, whom the people support (on account,

count, no doubt, of their hereditary virtues) and having no talents to rise above such of these places as are attained by being abject without being useful, Sir Griffith Griafled succeeded to the baronetcy, without carrying any thing to it in support of the honourable distinction; yet he felt all the dignity of the bloody hand, and would not have yielded a day's precedence after the first year, when James the first created a baronet, for all the wealth of Leadenhall street.

Not that he thought contemptibly of money.—His necessities, and the deprivations he was compelled to submit to, that he might apparently make a figure not altogether unworthy his great descent, had taught him that money was an excellent thing—and his three daughters had imbibed under him and a weak mother, the most confirmed notions that title was the first, and fortune the second requisite for happiness; they were persuaded, that with those who possessed neither one or the other, it was a sort  
of

of degradation to them to associate, but that where both these advantages were united, they could not testify too much respect.

In consequence of the operations of such "salutary prejudices" on feeble minds, the elder and the younger of these ladies had given themselves up to be humble and useful friends in great families. The second too had commenced her life in the same line, but had most terribly deviated from the hereditary haughtiness of her race, and cast her eyes on an handsome butler, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who served in the family where she resided as a companion. The man, either dazzled by the honour, or tempted by the thousand pounds which was in the lady's possession, forsook

"Plump Dolly's fresher charms,

"For wither'd, lean, right honourable arms."

and Mrs. Mary Grinstead became the wife of Jonathan Sawkins. Her elder sister, who was by that time possessed  
of



of a considerable fortune, left her by the dowager with whom she had lived, was so shocked at this terrible blot in the escutcheon of her house, that it was supposed to hasten her death. She died, however, never having suffered the odious name of Sawkins to pollute her chaste and honourable ears; and left all her property to her youngest sister, Mrs. Judith Grinstead, who now enjoyed it in a very genteel house in a fashionable street, occasionally however passing a few months with her great friends, to whom she was not the less welcome on account of the affluence she now possessed.

She had become, in the course of the last five or six years of her life, acquainted with a set of those well-informed ladies who have acquired the cant name of blue stockings. Among others she was known to Mrs. Crewkherne, but no great intimacy had subsisted between them.—Mrs. Grinstead thought herself of the very first class, and associated chiefly with those who were the most acknowledged patronesses.

nesses and judges of literature. She was besides always busy in a political circle of her own, and deriving a certain degree of consequence from her independent situation, was become a very useful personage among her friends ; and all her friends were people of the very first consideration. Of course all that related to them was matter of the utmost gravity ; and Mrs. Grimsted, whether consulted on a suit for court, or a settlement on marriage ; whether she was to make a party for the Opera, or bring about a match between two poor young victims who both happened to be rich ; the good lady was always of opinion, that she had the most momentous affair in the world on her hands, and that a business of such weight could not be entrusted to any but a person of so much importance as herself.— On Mrs. Glenmorris's arrival in England with her daughter, she had addressed herself to this lady, whose continued intimacy with her mother, might, she thought, have opened between them a means

means of reconciliation.—Mrs. Grinstead received her overtures with cold civility, till she understood that her business was to try to regain a share of Mr. De Verdon's fortune, and that her principal reliance in England was on the friendship of Mr. Armitage; but as soon as, from the openness of Mrs. Glenmorris's character, these circumstances became known to her, she changed her tone; observing, "that she had a great and almost filial tenderness for the dear venerable Lady Mary, and wished Mrs. Glenmorris very well—had known her, indeed, from a child, as well as her dear and sweet sister the late Lady Daventry; but the present was too delicate an affair for her to interfere in. She had so sincere an affection and respect for all parties, that she felt herself unequal to the arduous task of attempting a *conglomeration* of the unhappy divisions that had arisen between persons so nearly and dearly *approximated*; and whose characters were so full of amenity, and so perfectly *eximious*."—Mrs. Grinstead was a lady of prodigious ratiocination,

tion, as well as of profound information : her style, though not always clear, was elevated, and she hardly ordered her footman to bring her tea, without contriving to ornament the sentence with a sesquipedalian word.

It is certain that nothing but doubts whether she should find resources to support herself and her daughter in London, would have induced Mrs. Glenmorris to have thought for a moment of fettering herself by a temporary abode in the house of Mrs. Grinsted. The idea was now soon given up, on her describing her quandary friend to Medora, who besought her mother not to think of it. They drove therefore to an hotel ; where, notwithstanding her finances were, by paying her country bills, and leaving money with her old servant, reduced to a very low ebb, Mrs. Glenmorris hoped to be able to remain for the few days she was likely to be in town ; and it was probable she would very soon receive letters from America. Her purpose, however, was to introduce her daughter to Mrs. Grinsted, still

still entertaining, in the fondness of maternal affection, an hope, that if Lady Mary, now above seventy, could through her means see Medora, she would admit her to her heart, and to some share at least of her grandfather's fortune.

Checking, therefore, her dislike, she once more determined to try if Mrs. Grinstead could not be induced to befriend her; but she first went to her interview with Mr. Petrify. While she found that from this man, (whose heart seemed callous to every impression but those made by his own pursuit after money) there was no chance of her obtaining any temporary assistance, she thought that there was something in his manner very strange and mysterious. He was naturally cold and repulsive, especially when he thought it likely he should be asked for money; but now he seemed even more than usual to wrap himself up in reserve. He said, these were times when a man might well be justified in refusing pecuniary help even to his own father; that for his part he never was so hard run for money.—

Knew

now not where to get wherewithal to his duties—and stocks—stocks were now that his hands were tied—absolutely tied; and even if it was not so, he might say, that he should be unwilling to advance any thing for carrying on the suit at law against Lady Mary, for he knew it from good authority that it would come to nothing—“Nay, even your own attorney thinks so madam: And if these gentlemen are of opinion against your client, why there’s but little to expect.”—Mrs. Glenmorris at last discovered, that the careful merchant had enquired of her attorney as to the probability of her success; it was evident that a deficiency of money on her part had operated on both these honest gentlemen, and that they foresaw, reasoning on analogy, that her’s was one of those cases, where

a gilded hand of power would shove by justice.

This unpleasant conference with Petrified, by his telling her, that he had finished his account with Mr. Glen-

OL. III.

F

morris,

morris, and found that there was a balance in his favour of seven pounds five shillings and nine-pence halfpenny, which, money being at this time particularly scarce, he hoped she might make it convenient to pay. Mrs. Glenmorris now felt how mortifying it is to be under pecuniary obligations to those we despise.—So far from being able to pay Mr. Petrify his seven pounds five shillings and nine-pence halfpenny, she had not seven guineas in her purse, nor did she know where to go for a supply.

With an heart more heavy than she supposed any embarrassment of this kind could have occasioned her, Mrs. Glenmorris returned to the hotel, and went from thence to Mrs. Grinstead, whom she found at home; noticing as little as possible the cool formal manner in which she received her, entered on the subject of her affairs with the candour and openness which was eminently a feature of her character. Mrs. Grinstead at first affected to make light of any right Medora could have

have to a moiety of her grandfather's fortune.—“It does indeed,” said she, “seem to me highly improbable that your poor good father, who was *incontestably* a gentleman to whom no *incoherence* could rationally be imputed, should in his will, on which he had *indubitably* meditated with due *profundity*, leave any *échappatoire*, any *evasionary indecisiveness* on which a doubt might depend, as to his meaning and intention; and I am free to confess, that might I offer in great humility my counsel, it should be, my good madam, that you should *apologetically* address yourself to your worthy and venerable mother, Lady Mary, and endeavour to engage her *maternity* to *advigilate* over the interest of your daughter not as a right, but as a *favour*. Perhaps her ladyship might *amortise* the *interdictory prohibition* that in the early *effervescence* of parental indignation she *fulminated* against you; and that her affections might not be irrecoverable.”



If Mrs. Glenmorris listened patiently to this parading affectation of superior talents, it was not because she felt the advice reasonable, or believed it to be sincere, but she wished to procure a quiet hearing for what she desired might be, and knew would be, repeated to Lady Mary; and a quiet hearing she was sure would *not* be obtained but by first lending a certain degree of attention to the *verbosity* with which Mrs. Grinstead *obnubilated* her real meaning.

When an interval at last occurred, Mrs. Glenmorris, without denying the justice or the sublimity of the oratorical and elaborate flourishes she had heard, took out the opinions that had been given as well against as in favour of Medora's claims; and then said, "My daughter has had the good fortune to engage the affections of a man of sense and honour, to whom she will soon be married. Her rights will then devolve upon him, and he will probably pursue them in whatever way the persons whom he has the means  
of

of consulting shall direct. In the mean time, it is so much my wish to return to Mr. Glenmorris, and so little my inclination to disturb the tranquillity of Lady Mary, that if Mr. Delmont . . . . .”

“Mr. Delmont!” exclaimed Mrs. Grinstead, “pray, what Mr. Delmont? it is not *he* I apprehend who has a disposition to espouse your daughter?”—

“There may be many of the name,” replied Mrs. Glenmorris, “I do not know which *you* mean—I am acquainted with only one Mr. Delmont. He has, however, a brother.”—

“You certainly cannot mean any of Lord Castledane’s family?” said Mrs. Grinstead.

“What is there so improbable in it?” enquired Mrs. Glenmorris.

“Oh! I had heard—I understood that Mr. Delmont—I am acquainted with some branches of his family—was to be united to a Miss Goldthorp, a young woman of considerable fortune, and I heard also—but perhaps—yes certainly—I have been misinformed.—So he is engaged to

your daughter then? and it is of you, madam, that some friends of mine really spoke who have been in that neighbourhood?" A series of artful questions followed, and from the candid answers of Mrs. Glenmorris, who had no notion of concealing any thing, Mrs. Grinstead was soon mistress of every particular relative to Delmont, and to her own views. She then desired leave to consider in what way it might be best to open to Lady Mary the present situation of her daughter and grand-daughter, and promising that they should hear from her in a few days, they parted. Mrs. Grinstead beseeching her adieu with rather more kindness than she had received her with.

Mrs. Glenmorris returned to her beloved girl. Her friend hastened to inform Lady Mary, that the pretensions of the innocent Medora, (which she knew the old lady was determined to oppose at any expence, and by any means) were likely to be supported by a man, whose intelligence they could not doubt, and whose

whose perseverance they could not baff-  
 fle. Impotent as may appear the malice of  
 an old woman of seventy, Lady Mary  
 was rich enough to point, with the most  
 infallible of all metals, the arrows that she  
 from every quarter aimed against the  
 peace of her own child. Mrs. Crewk-  
 herne had been of her council; from Mrs.  
 Crewkherne she had learned the legend  
 of Mr. Armitage's supposed attachment,  
 and of Medora's being brought by him  
 as a bait to George Delmont, with a  
 thousand other stories invented by false-  
 hood, and registered by malignant imbe-  
 cility.—And Lady Mary had even affect-  
 ed to deplore, as the greatest calamity of  
 her life, that she ever had such a daugh-  
 ter as Mrs. Glenmorris.

Sir Appulby Gorges was also one of  
 those whom the Lady Mary was in habits  
 of consulting. Loadsworth and Brown-  
 john, the council and attorney employed  
 by Major Delmont, had also been occa-  
 sionally her's; for the old lady was natu-  
 rally

rally extremely litigious, and had continual quarrels with her tenants and her tradesmen; and now no sooner was a consultation called, in consequence of Mrs. Grinstead's intelligence, than the lawyers, who well knew the solidity of Medora's claims, and that they would be established whenever they were properly pursued, declared to Lady Mary, that unless ways could be found to put off this intended marriage, nothing would prevent Medora's recovering near half her grandfather's fortune. This task, however, was not easy one. The character of Delmont, open, brave, generous, daring to think and act for himself, was well known to them. And Mrs. Grinstead had assured them, that such was Mrs. Glenmorris's situation, both on account of her want of money and her anxiety about her daughter, that the moment Delmont returned from Ireland, which might every hour be expected, the marriage would take place; and though she had discovered that immediately afterwards the whole party would depart for America, there was but little

little doubt, but that Dehmont would also care the recovery of his wife's fortune should not be neglected. *It was a maxim of Mrs. Grimsted's, that evil might always be done, and in short, that it lost its nature, and was no longer evil, when good was intended to be promoted by its commission.* These accommodating maxims of policy are so convenient, that they are adapted as well to the enlarged views of the statesman, who deluges half the world with blood, and sweeps millions from its bosom, (for what he pleases to term a general good, or the balance of power) as to the minor projectors in private life, whose limited operations only allow them to contrive, how to render a few couple of simpletons miserable by tying them together (however ill suited they may be) for *their* good, that is, that they may be sure of a certain income, probably six times as much as they can possibly want, and that though each may execrate their being ten times a day, and now and then *Ed 5* they

they shall at least do it in a coach of their own, or in a splendid house, surrounded by an handsome establishment. It was therefore positively with the best intentions in the world, that Mrs. Grinstead became the active agent in plans which Sir Appulby, George, and Loadworth, the counsellor, though seen on the other side, together with Brownjohn, with her assistance, contrived to relieve Lady Mary from all solicitude; to prevent Delmont from committing to great folly as following the dictates of his heart, or of his jacobinical friends, Armitage; and at the same time to compel Mrs. Glenmorris to return to her husband, that Lady Mary might not have her latter days good days disturbed by her doubts or her convictions as to the conduct of this her rejected daughter. It was sufficiently calamitous that the excellent and venerable person had lost her elder daughter, and seen her fairest hopes levelled with the dust; because Lady Daventry had left no male heir. Lord Daventry had married again,

\*

and

and had another family, so that all the latter expectations of the Lady Mary were centered in Miss Cardonnel, her granddaughter, whom she had taken to live with her; and it would have been a misfortune not to be endured, had this young lady, owing to a mere mistake, a flaw in her grandfather's will, (which however there were some suspicions of his having left on purpose) been heiress to only ninety thousand pounds instead of an hundred and seventy, which she would possess if this unreasonable claim of her obscure cousin could be baffled; and it was the duty of every one of her friends to prevent so great a calamity. Sir Appulby Gorges thought it particularly *his* duty, because he intended one of his grandsons, about the same age, should marry Miss Cardonnel, if her fortune did not suffer this diminution. The duty of Loadsworth it undoubtedly was to prevent his client Delmont, from forming an alliance with a stranger rejected by her family, and the daughter of Glenmorris, whom he hated,

F 6



bated, because there had formerly been some pique between them, which Glenmorris had long since either had indifference enough to forget, or magnanimity enough to forgive.

Loadsworth however never forgave, and he gloated with infernal delight over an opportunity of revenging himself on Glenmorris. A better instrument for this purpose could not be found than Brownjohn. With very little understanding, he had a daringness of conduct, and a fluency of speech which were for a moment imposing. Not supported by the regular practice of his profession, but living by shifts, he contrived by impudence, and a flourishing way of talking, to pass himself upon those who had not found him out as a man of fortune; and being a most adventurous liar, he was the less frequently detected, because nobody imagined such assertions, so roundly and confidently delivered, could be false. Destitute of every principle, and totally without feeling, he made no scruple of taking

money

money from two adverse parties; and once (perhaps oftener) when he was employed for an imprisoned client, he paid the debt for which he was entrusted with the money, at the very moment when he gave notice to have a detainer for a still larger sum, put in by his client's enemy; and fixed him in prison (he thought) for life.

Either by recommending clients to Loadsworth the special pleader, or from coincidence of disposition, they had long preyed together on the unfortunate. And when such men were employed under the direction of Sir Appulby Gorges, and aided by Cancer, and while the collusion with Mrs. Crewkerne and Mrs. Grinstead as auxiliaries, was supported and set on foot by Lady Mary de Verdon, cemented by her money, and rendered fearless by her interest, the mischief was to be dreaded, but could not be calculated, that might arise from its whole force being directed against the unprotected Mrs. Glenmorris, and her innocent Medora.

## C H A P. V.

*Virtus repulsæ nescia fœdida,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;  
Nec sumit aut ponit fœtûres,  
Arbitrio popularis aulæ.*

**T**HOUGH Mrs. Glenmorris concealed the event of the conferences she had held, and struggled to hide the pain they had given her, Medora was too intelligent, and had already acquired too much judgment to be deceived. She saw that the cheerfulness her mother assumed, was entirely the effect of effort; and that while she talked of their prospects, and their plans of happiness, her voice betrayed anguish rather than hope, and her looks refused to second what her tongue uttered. Medora could not bear this; her mother had never before concealed any thing from her, and it now seemed, as if she thought her too weak to resist.

resist the misfortune, whatever they were, that threatened them, or rather her mother for her sake; unable to endure the sight of her mother's uneasiness, while denied the comfort of sharing it, she determined to speak to her, and if possible to put an end to a state so insupportable.

"I know," said she, "you are very uneasy my mother; and why do you attempt to conceal it from me?—For God's sake let us give up this chace after fortune, and return to my father; Delmont will not be less attached to me—fortune is no object to him—it is none to us, if my father determines to remain in America, where we had always enough for our wishes. We were very happy before this project of going to law, that I might share Miss Cardonnel's fortune, was unfortunately put into our heads. We may be very happy again, if we determine to hasten back to America, and think no more about it; if Delmont loves me as he says he does, he will go with us, and if he does not—[her voice had nearly failed, but

but she recovered it, if he does not—it would be a misfortune to me to be married to him, whatever situation I may be in, and indeed, my dearest, dearest one, I can get the better of my attachment to him, should he be found unworthy of it: Oh! easier, much easier than I can bear to see you thus unhappy, and wearing out your health in solicitude for me! What could make me amends for the loss of your cheerfulness, your health—and what could make amends for the loss of such blessings to my father? Nothing, oh! nothing in the world but to then bring all this to a comfortable end once—pray let us. Write to Delmont, my dear mama, and if he cannot disengage himself from the business which has called him to Ireland, let us not wait for him, but go, before the winter sets in, back to my father. Delmont, if he loves us better than his family, will follow us, and if he prefers them—Oh! God forbid that I should interfere with his collateral affections.”

The

The last words were uttered in a tone that was almost like sobbing. Mrs. Glen-  
donia folded her daughter fondly to her  
bosom—a bosom that throbbed with an-  
guish when she reflected, that so far from  
being able, had she wished to realize the  
proposal of her generous girl, and directly  
begin their voyage back to their natural  
protector and dearest friend, she was ab-  
solutely without money to answer the  
expenses of the day that was passing over  
them.

The absence of Delmont, though she  
believed it unavoidable, was so ill timed  
that it affected her almost like an inten-  
tional omission. That of Armitage too,  
now travelling with his sick friend in the  
North, was so unfortunate that it sunk  
her spirits in despite of every effort of  
her courage. Yet from neither of these,  
had they been present, would she have  
accepted of money, and the cruel calum-  
ny which had been disseminated by Mrs.  
Crenkborne, and which had lost nothing  
by having passed the medium of Dr. and  
Mrs.

Mrs. Winslow, their niece, and all the elegant acquaintance of the one, and the sentimental *sweet friends* of the other, would have deterred Mrs. Glenmorris from availing herself of the friendship of Armitage, had he been in London, in a thousand instances wherein he could have been of use to her.

The charming spirit and generous affection of her Medora brought tears into her eyes. She was too much affected to enter at that moment into a farther discussion, and contented herself with endeavouring to re-assure Medora in regard to Delmont, of whose love, his absence, which had now been of near a month, had induced her, naturally enough, to entertain some infant doubts; and then, telling her she would determine in a few days what it would be best to do, she retired to bed; not indeed to sleep, but to suffer unobserved the tortures of reflection, and to form vague plans for the next day.

Nothing, however, occurred to her by  
which

which she could get through the present pressing necessity she was in for money, unless it was an application to Mrs. Grinstead, the most painful measure she could be condemned to, though not because she feared a refusal. Another resolution she took was to write to Mr. Armitage, whose advice at least might be obtained, without exposing her to the invidious reflections which Mrs. Grinstead had taken care to tell her had been already made on her intimacy with him. Yet while she sacrificed to this cruel and malicious report the plan she would otherwise have pursued, her heart revolted against the chains which malice and prejudice combined induce her to submit to; and she enquired of herself, who those were, to whose opinion, or rather to whose gossip, she for once consented to give up the real advantages she could derive from the judgment and friendship of Armitage, who, had she not cautiously worded her letter, and if he had understood the real exigencies of her situation, would, she believed, have quit-

ted



ted his friends, at least for some time, to have come to her assistance.

When, conquering with extreme difficulty her repugnance, and taking Mrs. Glensted apart, she asked for the loan of ten or twenty guineas, she saw a strange expression arise in her face, for which she could not at that moment account. Mrs. Glensted, however, instead of immediately obliging her, began to say, in the common cant of refusal, that money never was so scarce. — That she really had found her tenants in Northamptonshire so backward, that she was a good deal straitened herself, and was quite at a loss how to go on till she should receive her next dividends. But, however, she had five or six guineas then at her service, and would write to a friend in the city, on whom, if Mrs. Glenmorris would herself call the next day, he would probably supply her with the rest, "at my request, my dear," said the friendly lender, who immediately assuming the privilege

enders usually assume, of giving advice to the borrower; went on thus, "I assure you, dear Laura! Ah! those were delectable days when it was my accustomed manner so to address you. — I assure you that whatever may be my exigencies, I have an infinitude of gratification in being able to testify my affectionate wish for the acceleration of your accommodation, and therefore permit me the liberty, in the effervescence of my regard, to advise you — I am some gradations more elevated on the theatre of life than you are: I mean as to our time of abode in this sphere of existence, and I hear and see a considerable deal as to existing circumstances. — How shall I express myself? Alas! the world is censorious! yet perhaps generally justifiable in its conjectural strictures. — Alas! it is a verity, and much to be deplored, that the generality of its observations are founded in experience of the irrationality of its inhabitants; and at the present period of political mania more especially. Let me caution you, dear madam,

madam, against any degree of intimacy or confidence with that Mr. Armitage! If you were more known, believe me you could not escape without more severe strictures. As it is, every body by whom you are recognised, animadvert upon it. He is a man whose principles are most inimical to all good order. His morals are extremely lax, and the notions he has disseminated extremely dangerous to the regulation of polished society. Let me therefore adjure you, Mrs. Glenmeris, to exonerate yourself from all communication with this man. Indeed, prudential precaution prescribes it, and decorous dignity demands it. I must perforce add, however reluctantly. I shall advert to it, that if any thing is expected from my interposition with my venerable and dear friend Lady Mary, this renunciation must be a preliminary condition."

The spirits of Mrs. Glenmeris were so depressed; her heart, which could have proudly resisted any evil threatening only herself,

herself, was so heavy when she thought of Medora, that for almost the only time in her life she was unable to repel impertinence as it deserved, and contented herself with saying, "I imagine you really mean this as friendship, and therefore I will not resent it; but if it is with reflections on Glenmorris, and on his and my best friends, that your kindness is to be empoisoned—keep your money, dear Mrs. Grinstead—I had rather be without it; and as for your interposition with Lady Mary, I expect, I desire, nothing from it. If she had any feeling, she would receive her grand-daughter, a creature who would do honour to any family—if she has none"—Some cruel recollections pressed on Mrs. Glenmorris at that moment, and her voice failed her.

Mrs. Grinstead had reasons why she did not wish to lose the hold that necessity had given her over Mrs. Glenmorris, she forbore therefore to press on so jarring a key, and paying some slight compliment to Medora, she repeated, that she was  
willing

willing to supply her with money on her application in the city the next morning; and then suffered all farther discourse on business to drop.

Mrs. Glenmorris had no courage to renew it. The dread of poverty, of not being able to find support till she could see her beloved child in the protection of her father or of Delmont, was an apprehension at once so new and so painful that her fortitude sunk under it; and when, after she returned to their temporary abode with her daughter, and had dismissed Medora (who watched her every look with distressing solicitude) to her repose, Mrs. Glenmorris retired to her own reflections; the immediate prospect appeared so gloomy and so hopeless, that, instead of urging her mind to meet the difficulties before her, she shrunk from them in fear, and dared not investigate the causes of dread, which was even more than the occasion seemed to call for.

Sleep was a stranger to her eyes till towards

wards morning.—Then she awoke to the recollection of her appointment in a street, at the farthest end of this great town, where she was to meet one of the lawyers employed, and to receive the money (while her very soul recoiled from the weight of the obligation) which Mrs. Grinstead had promised her. Leaving then Medora once more alone in her room, from whence she never stirred during her mother's absence, Mrs. Glenmorris set out about two o'clock to walk to the extremity of the city. The solicitor was not at home, but expected in a short time; she waited above an hour; he came not.—Wearied by delay, her next attempt was to see Mrs. Grinstead's agent.—He too made her wait above half an hour before he appeared; and then he was so slow, so tedious, began such a long relation of the time he had known Mrs. Grinstead; the business he did for her; what her income was; and how well she economised, that more than another hour was wasted. At last, however, bewildered and fatigued, Mrs. Glenmorris returned once more in

search of her attorney.—It was late, and he was by this time sitting down to dinner.—With great parade and affectation of respect, he solicited her to dine with him; declared he knew not when he could wait on her, because he was just at this moment overwhelmed, absolutely crushed, and annihilated by business.—But if she would but honour him with her company at dinner, he would immediately afterwards attend her commands with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Glenmorris, to whom every absence from Medora was painful, and who felt that it was improper to leave her long alone in a house of public resort, resisted this invitation; till being again told that if she did not now consent to stay and talk over the business, it might be some days or even weeks before she could say what was necessary to Mr. Brownjohn, she at length reluctantly acquiesced, and desiring to have a porter called, one of the servants of the house presented himself, by his master's orders, and undertook to

5 carry

carry to Miss Glenmorris these lines, which her mother wrote hastily with a pencil :

“ I am detained, my dearest girl, and cannot, as I intended, return to dinner, without risking the necessity of having this disagreeable walk again.—It is absolutely necessary for the peace of my mind to decide on something directly, therefore you will not be uneasy if you do not see me till the evening.

“ Your most affectionate,

“ L. G.”

Mr. Brownjohn and his *wulgar* wife, (one of the coarsest, weakest, and most illiterate of all pretenders to gentility, was *wastly* the most disagreeable *lady* it ever had been Mrs. Glenmorris's fortune to meet with) were *purdigious* civil in their way.—At the table were several other persons, whose manners were equally new to her and equally disgusting.—*Gentlemen* they called themselves, and



*Esquires*, from dark lanes and narrow alleys in the city, who passed their summers at Brighton, and hunted at Windsor in the winter, and talked very loud and very magnificently of their exploits at both places.—Ladies too, who were so extremely fashionable that they looked with great contempt on Mrs. Glenmorris, and whisperingly enquired who that odd looking woman was, and whether she was not an author? These ladies talked of the croud at the opera, and all the people of fashion they had seen there.—It was *pur-digious* crowded; and Miss Fanny Simpkinson, whose papa formerly kept a tavern, complained how Lord Edward Evelyn and Sir Charles Sedley *squeeged* her, and how impertinent they looked at her; and then how frightened she was at coming out, for she *rayally* thought her *carriage* would have been broke to smash. Mrs. Brownjohn also assured her friends that she had been herself quite frightened in the park the preceding Sunday, for her *coach* was as near broke as any thing—  
“ And

“And then,” added she, “Brownjohn would have made a fine noise, and I should not have heard the last of it for one while.”—“No, faith,” cried the attorney, “that you would not;—not that I mind the coach so much, though it cost me an hundred and sixty guineas without the harness—but I can’t bear to have my horses hurt, and women never have any mercy upon horses.—That there pair of horses, by G—, and the third at grass in Hertfordshire, that I bought of Sir Miles Whisker, cost me upwards of three hundred guineas.—But Mrs. Brownjohn thinks no more of ’em than if they were dray-horses.—She is utterly insensible of their value, and minds them there sort of things no more than the pump at Aldgate. Why now Bagshaw, (addressing himself to a tall awkward young man, who looked somewhat like a groom out of place) I’ll tell you what; that brown horse, by Spänker, you saw me upon the last time we hunted; don’t you remember you said you’d give me a cool sixty for him.—Well, Sir, I offered him and

forty guineas to boot, for a bay-gelding, a match for these three, and, by G—, my Lord refused the offer.” “Lord who?” said the macquignon \* in a surly tone, “Lord—why Lord—Lord Maccurragh, *he* as we used to hunt with along o’ the Brighton hounds.”

“He was a cursed fool,” said the grumbling voice, “not to take you at your word.”

“I was staying two or three days at his house in Essex,” continued Brownjohn, “and he and I——

“He has no house in Essex,” said a pert looking young man, at the other end of the table, “I happen to know, for my uncle Crockham serves his lordship with wine—and his house is in Surry.”—“Aye he *has* an house in Surry,” said Brownjohn, “but this is an hunting box where he only goes now and then.”

“’Tis in the hundreds then I’ll swear,” said the gentleman groom, “and he goes a hunting of widgeon, for I’ll be d——d

\* A sort of jobber in horses, who still calls himself a gentleman.

if he has an house in any other part of Essex."

Brownjohn persisted, and the other contradicted.—One was undaunted in lying, the other obstinate in maintaining an insignificant truth.—They were very noisy and very rude to each other; and would perhaps have quarrelled, if the attorney had not had an interest in keeping his client in general good humour, and if the client had not been deeply indebted to the attorney.

From such conversation, however, Mrs. Glenmorris would at any time have retired in disgust, and now that her heart was heavy with many troubles, in which she expected council and relief, it was altogether insupportable, she therefore rose from table, dinner being now over, and addressing herself to the sporting solicitor said, "that she was sorry to interrupt him, but as she must immediately go, she wished to have the conversation she had requested in the morning."

The man promised to follow her in a few moments, and did so in something more than half an hour, when she found his boasted hospitality had so operated upon himself, while he exerted it to his guests, that he was not capable of uttering three consequent words; the little degree of rationality which he usually shewed had quite forsaken him.—Convinced of this, Mrs. Glenmorris forbore to waste her spirits and time, but desiring to have a coach called, returned home astonished that Mr. Petrify could recommend her to such a man; disgusted by the whole party she had seen, and saying to herself with a sigh!—"Of people like these is made up the bulk of that world, to which prejudice and fear induce us to sacrifice real happiness.—It is this mob, which overbears all retiring and simple virtues, and destroys all simple pleasures.—This affectation of the manners of upper life—how ridiculous! — and how very unlike are these people to those they would copy!"—

"Ah!

“ Ah ! it is not the *swinish multitude*—the “ plebs et infima multitudo,” that disgust one with the species. It is such people as these; people who hold the honest labourer and the industrious mechanic in contempt; yet are indeed “ poor in intellect and vulgar in all they do or say.—Gross, stupified, and, ferocious, yet affecting aristocratic ideas—not knowing even the meaning of the word—and fancy their opinions of importance, and that they belong to a party !”

Mrs. Glenmorris had been above a week in London, and though she had given her whole time to the business that brought her, nothing was done in it.—With a desponding heart she now repented not having referred herself entirely to Mr. Armitage, and accused herself of weakness for having been deterred from taking advantage of his friendship by the malice, which to despise was to render impotent, and to which it was feebleness of mind ever to listen.

## CHAP. VI.

—Your looks are pale and wild, and do impart  
Some misadventure!—

**B**EFORE Mrs. Glenmorris could determine, on the following day, what it would be best to do in her present difficult and uneasy situation, a young man was introduced, who said he came to her from Mr. Brownjohn.

Mrs. Glenmorris imagining him a clerk, spoke to him of business.—But he immediately gave her to understand that he was not Mr. Brownjohn's clerk—by no means. He felt his dignity injured by the very supposition. He was a gentleman.—Mr. Brownjohn's brother by the second marriage of his mother. His name was Darnell. He had an independent fortune, and the honour of bearing his Majesty's commission.

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris refraining with difficulty from smiling at the very great importance of this very great man, then desired to know what had procured her the honour of a visit from him, and after another parading speech, he had at last the goodness to inform her, that he came at his brother's request to apologize for the delay which had unavoidably happened; and to say that if on the next evening save one, she would be at the house of a conveyancer in Threadneedle-street, Mr. Brownjohn would attend with the copy he had at last made of her father's will, and that he would appoint a consultation of counsellors to meet her, on whose final advice she might depend. The hour of seven in the evening was that on which Mr. Sergeant Sedative and Mr. Counsellor Clang, gentlemen of the first eminence in the profession, could attend, both being under the most indispensable engagements for the next day.

Mrs. Glenmorris having promised to be there, imagined that Mr. Darnell would



relieve her from the necessity of any longer entertaining him ; but he seemed now to have recovered from the sort of awe, which those that are elated by the presumption of monied ignorance, involuntarily feel before superior elegance of mind and manners, though they know not what it is that deprives them of their usual forwardness and consequence. As if by proper reflection on his own value, Mr. Darnell had conquered this uneasy sensation, he entered on what he seemed to suppose very entertaining conversation, and gave an account of the fine people he had lately seen at Ascot races, and the money he had won by betting. He then launched into a dissertation on his skill in horsemanship. Informed the ladies, that his curicle horses had been admired by people of the first distinction, his manner of driving them still more ; and mistaking passive civility for approbation, he began to be so very pert and familiar, particularly in his looks, and his manner of addressing himself to Medora, that

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris at last lost her patience, and giving her daughter an hint to leave the room, she told her unwelcome visitor, that she was obliged to him for having taken the trouble of bringing Mr. Brownjohn's message, but *that* being done, she must beg not to be detained, having no time to give to uninteresting talk about things indifferent to her, and with people who were strangers to her. The countenance of Darnell immediately fell; he looked as if he was on the instant of emerging from Trophonius's cave.—Yet there was an expression of malignity mingled with his visible dismay.—He soon, however, disappeared.

While Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora were thus uneasily passing their time in London, waiting with anxiety for letters from Glenmorris, and doubting how they ought to act, Delmont was not happier at Dublin.

The Major no sooner saw the alacrity with which he had come over, than he ungenerously sought for means to make advantage

advantage of it; but George, who could not forget the unhandsome manner in which he had left him answerable for all the engagements contracted in London, resisted his importunity: Coldness and even anger succeeded; but Delmont was steady to his purpose, and Adolphus' conduct was every day such as convinced him that he might utterly ruin himself, yet neither benefit his brother's affairs, or derive, from any sacrifice he could make, either friendship or gratitude. Adolphus, far from feeling any disposition to return to London, and release George from the heavy consequences of the engagements he had entered into, was plunging into deeper play, and under pretence of retrieving his fortune, inevitably involving himself in tenfold ruin.

He persisted, however, in considering George as one born only to promote his views and obey his mandates. Impressed with ideas of primogeniture at a very early age, he could never submit to any mention of equality even among brethren.

thren. Nothing, he said, was more infamous than the change made in that respect in France—he thought it scandalous that in any country, the younger branches of a family should be suffered to diminish the property of the elder, and wished he could have said to his sisters,—“Au couvent Mesdemoiselles,” that their share of the fortune of his father might have been his; while as to his brother, he wanted only the power to treat him (allowing somewhat for the superior amenity of modern manners) not very much otherwise than Oliver treats his brother Orlando, in one of Shakespeare’s most interesting dramas.

As it was, he had no hesitation in calling upon his purse or his services, nothing doubting of his right to command both.—And when he at length found that George was induced merely by his regard for the memory of their common parents to befriend him any farther, he affected in all companies to turn his manner of life, his propensities, his taste, into ridicule, and was  
not

not ashamed to do so, even among the strangers to whom he was introduced in Ireland—but the real dignity of Delmont nothing could degrade. Such was the influence he soon obtained wherever he was known, by the manly sweetness of his temper, and by the good sense and just feelings appearing in all he said or did, that the former admirers of his arrogant and selfish brother, immediately discovered how inferior that brother was; and even the arts of insinuation, which the Major well knew how occasionally to use, could never, after George's appearance, restore him to the same degree of favour and fashion that he had enjoyed in the principal Irish families before George's arrival.

Yet the younger brother neither drank with the men or coquetted with the women—He neither played nor romanced, and he had none of the gaiety which usually recommends young men of his age, and particularly in that country; for his heart was not gay, and he could not affect it, and though he neither coldly

or

or rudely repulsed the hospitality of the very hospitable Irish, he pretended not to enjoy society as he might have done under other circumstances, but confessed that he was impatient to return to England.

More than one young woman of rank, and of considerable fortune, found George Delmont so much to their taste, that they scrupled not, with more decisive kindness than even Miss Goldthorp had betrayed, to signify that they were very favourably disposed towards him.—He allowed that they were extremely handsome; but answered all his brother's raileries on the subject by declaring to him, that if Medora (who was, he acknowledged, possessed of all his affections) were out of the question, he would not marry either of these ladies.—“Nor should I like,” said he, “to live in Ireland, highly as I respect the inhabitants, and greatly as I honour the talents of the many illustrious men it has produced\*. I should be

\* Sir William Petty, Parnell, Orrery, Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan.

miserable

miserable where I must daily witness, without having the power materially to alleviate, the miseries of the lower classes of people.”—“The people!” exclaimed the Major with a contemptuous smile,—“the people—what the devil hast thou to do with them?—Egad I begin to be almost afraid of associating with thee, George.—Why thou hast certainly picked up this damned cant at some presbyterian meeting-house, or got it by rote at a debating society from some greasy chandler or grim smith.—Oh! pray let us never be bored by such eternal nonsense.—Rights of men!—The people!—Rogues who would cut *our* throats, and thine among the rest, George, because thou hast a little better blood in thy veins; but it would be hard indeed wert thou to pay the penalty, who have nothing of nobility about thee but that blood, not even thy ideas.—No haberdasher of small wares has more plebeian notions! Why one would think thy every days had been passed in measuring buckram; and thy Sundays in  
walking

walking to Islington to eat hot rolls at White Conduit House. It is amazing to me where thou hast picked up such vulgar cares—and by what warp in thy head, it has happened to take this reforming twist.”

“ It is equally astonishing to me,” replied George, “ that you are so totally devoid of feeling, or perhaps I ought rather to say of the sense of self-preservation; for very great men to fail in feeling for *others* is not extremely uncommon, but they seldom are deficient in the business of taking care of themselves; and it is not difficult to foresee what will be the end of the system they are now urging. However, it is not with you, Adolphus, I ever desire to hold political controversy. Nothing will ever bring our views into the same line.” “ No, by G—, I believe not,” replied the other; and there the dialogue ended.—Such conversation, however, was often renewed; for the Major, who had the most perfect reliance on his own powers, and the most arrogant contempt



contempt for the talents and opinions of his brother, sought every occasion of contest; this intrepidity of insolence George bore with apparent indifference, but it insensibly weaned him from his attachment to Adolphus, and only that strict integrity which prescribed to him to adhere to his engagements, however ungenerously he had been drawn into them, and however injurious they might prove to himself, could have induced him to continue so patiently to arrange the business which had brought him to Ireland; business which his brother was so far from assisting him in, that he gave himself no manner of trouble, and merely signed or did whatever his lawyer told him was necessary, entreating only not be annoyed any more with it.

Delmont had at length accomplished this painful and uneasy task, as far as it could be done till the money could be recovered, which Sir Appulby Gorges seemed determined to retain. And while he regretted the loss of so considerable a  
part

part of his property, he with true greatness of mind forebore to reproach his brother, determined to return to England to complete what he had begun (this extrication of Adolphus, as far it depended on him), and then dismissing from his mind the loss and the vexation, resort quietly for the present to his farm, where he hoped to prevail on Mrs. Glenmorris to bestow Medora upon him, and having regulated his few remaining concerns in England, to leave all his troubles behind him, and cross the Atlantic, the happy husband of the woman he adored.

Such were the visions with which he appeased his impatience, and beguiled the time that must necessarily pass before he could return to Upwood, where, or in its immediate neighbourhood, he concluded Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora yet were. The very moment he could disengage himself he took leave of his Irish friends, and resisting the invitation of one of them to see on his way the Giants Causeway, and other remarkable places in the north  
of

of Ireland (from whence he might have crossed to Port Patrick) his impatience urged him to take the shortest road to the southern part of his native island.—Adolphus, however, at the same time left Dublin, and took the route by Port Patrick, hating the longer passage, and intending to pass some time with a friend in Yorkshire.

No letter from Mrs. Glenmorris, in which she had named her sudden journey to London, had ever reached George Delmont; had he known she and Medora were there, surrounded by difficulties and destitute of money, thither he would have directed his steps.

But the destiny of Mrs. Glenmorris, and of her daughter, decided otherwise.

Delmont was already on his way, when letters from both reached him.—The mother demanded his advice, whether she should pursue or relinquish the prospects of fortune that had offered to her daughter. It was necessary

cessary for her to come to a resolution, however, before she could have his answer. And that resolution was to be taken in the appointment she had now made at the house of one of the lawyers.

Thither then Mrs. Glenmorris repaired alone. Some of the parties who were to assist at the consultation were not yet arrived; others, and Brownjohn among them, had *been dining*. When at length they all assembled, there were no two of them that thought alike—they all talked at the same time, and it seemed to be a contest not of reason or of law, but of assurance and lungs. One quoted a case in point to maintain his opinion; a second supported his, by one which he affirmed was much more to the purpose: A third begged leave to dissent from both, for reasons that he gave at a great length, but to which (all parties being heartily tired) nobody listened. Mr. Counsellor Sedative fell asleep; and Mr. Clang and his friend Brownjohn, having both talked themselves out of breath, could

could at length agree in nothing but a resolution to adjourn to the dining-room, and consider the matter farther over some excellent Madeira, which the solicitor assured the learned counsel had been to the East Indies, and was a present from a very good client of his.

Mrs. Glenmorris, who saw that nothing was to be done, desired, however, to speak a few words; but the gentlemen giving very little attention to what she said, observed, that things of such moment could not be decided in a day—no, nor in twenty days; that ladies, however great their understanding, were apt to be a little impatient in matters, which to hurry would be to mar; that they could not commit themselves by an hasty determination; begged to think farther of it—and would name an early day, after their respective returns to town, for that purpose. Mrs. Glenmorris thought she plainly perceived what all this meant, and determined to write to Brownjohn (her former aversion from whom now amounted to antipathy)

and

and to withdraw the affairs entirely from him; she was not aware that this was already impossible.

Avoiding, however, every discussion, she desired an hack to be called, and vexed at the loss of time and of money she had thus incurred, resolved, as she was driven toward the hotel, to return the very next day to her country retirement; the money she had borrowed would, she hoped, be sufficient to carry her and her daughter home, and it could not be very long before they should have letters, and probably remittances and orders, from Glenmorris; it could not be very long before she should hear from Armitage, and see Delmont. Having taken this resolution her mind became calm, and she felt a great degree of satisfaction in figuring to herself the pleasure their journey into the country would give her Medora.

Arrived at the hotel, she went up to the room where they usually sat; Medora was not there, but as in her absence she had usually remained in the bed-chamber,

as more private, Mrs. Glenmorris sought her above stairs—Medora was not there!

She returned, not without some disquiet, to the lower apartment, and rang the bell. A waiter appearing, she enquired for the young lady. “The young lady, ma’am,” said the man, “why she has been gone out above these two hours.”

“Gone out! Good God Almighty—with whom—how gone out?”

“Indeed, ma’am,” answered the man, “I do not know the gentleman, for I never saw him before; but he came in a coach, and sent in a note writ with a pencil, for I carried it myself to miss, and she read it, and bid me I should tell the gentleman to please to walk in, and she would soon be ready, but he said he would sit in the coach till miss was ready—and presently she came down in her hat and cloak, and got into the coach, and so it drove away.”

A deadly sickness stole over the unhappy mother while the man spoke. She knew

knew that Medora had not an acquaintance in the world that was not also hers; that it was uneasy to her to be separated from her for a moment, and extremely improbable she should go any where voluntarily without her knowledge. Where could she be? Into what hands might she not have fallen! Where could she seek her? Distraction seemed to be in the enquiry! Yet to remain in ignorance, to be tortured with uncertainty, with dreadful conjectures, was not to be endured. Hardly able to speak, she enquired of the waiter what kind of a man it was with whom her daughter went. He answered, "that he did not much notice him, but thought him a jollyish, middle-aged man, with a roundish, fresh-coloured face; and that he seemed very complaisant to miss, and got out himself to hand her into the coach; but miss did not seem somehow to know him, and stared at him like as one does at a stranger."

H 2

"What



“What coach was it?” enquired Mrs. Glenmorris.

“Why I think, ma’am, it was what we call a glass coach; though it might to be sure be the gentleman’s own; howsomdever ’twas not remarkable genteel—and there was ne’er a footman.”

It now suddenly occurred to Mrs. Glenmorris, that it was possible some opportunity had offered to Mrs. Grinfled, of introducing Medora to Lady Mary, and that she had seized it without waiting for her return or consent; but then would she not have written to her? Would Medora, who liked her so little, and who had such a dread of her grandmother, have gone unprotected by her mother!

This was, however, the only conjecture between her, and horrors which threatened, if she dwelt upon them, to deprive her of reason. Eagerly, therefore, endeavouring to cherish any hope that afforded a temporary relief, she sent again for an  
hackney

hackney coach, and ordered it to be driven in all haste to Mrs. Grinsted's. Mrs. Grinsted was gone out to supper, at the house of a friend in May Fair, and her woman, to whom Mrs. Glenmorris now spoke, in a state bordering on phrenzy, assured her that Miss Glenmorris had not been there, and she was very sure her lady had not written or sent any person for her.

The woman, seeing the dreadful situation of mind into which the loss of her daughter had thrown Mrs. Glenmorris, had the humanity to ask her to come into the house. She accepted the offer, hardly knowing what she did, and glad to have any body who would listen to her conjectures, and feel an interest in the cruel circumstance overwhelming her with astonishment and terror—Yet hardly had she got into the house, when fancying it possible Medora might return to the hotel, she started up, and without attending to the entreaties of the servant that she would be composed, and put-

ting by the refreshment offered her, Mrs. Glenmorris again hastily entered the coach, and bade the man hurry back to the place where he had taken her up.

As she went, the fears that crowded on her mind were so cruel, she was so destitute of every ray of light that might guide her to the recovery of her lost child, that her head became affected, and when she arrived at the door of the hotel, and heard that nothing was known of Medora, she stared wildly around her, lost all power of immediate recollection, and getting out of the coach, walked quickly away along the street, without any reflection whither, absorbed only by the idea that Medora was gone, Medora lost, Medora in the hands of ruffians, of wretches—she knew not whom! Soon grown incapable of reasoning, she knew not what was said to her, when the coachman followed her to be paid, and the waiter begged her to return to the house. This man, not without sense and humanity, perceived the melancholy condition

sition to which the disappearance of her daughter had reduced the unhappy lady, and half persuading, half leading her, he at length succeeded in getting her back into the house, where he called his mistress and the women servants to her assistance.

They led her, scarce resisting, to the room she had inhabited since their residence at the house; but there she had been used to see her Medora waiting her return; there now lay the gown she had worn that morning—there was her travelling hat on the chair. The sight of these things seemed to give new poignancy to the anguish that tore her bosom; she shrieked aloud, called incessantly on her daughter, walked in a frantic manner round the room, insisted on being allowed to go out in search of her, and when the women remonstrated that it was past twelve o'clock, and that it would be impossible to find her that night, the agony of her mind became so great as to produce all the appearances of actual madness. She raved incoherently, en-

deavoured to force the door, and threatened punishment to those who should dare to detain her. The mistress of the house, who now foresaw a great deal of trouble and very little profit from her lodger, heartily wished her gone—and repeated—“ But let me send for somebody, madam—Let me send to some of your’s or misses friends,”—“ Yes, yes,” cried Mrs. Glenmorris, after having stared wildly at her a moment, without appearing to understand her—“ Yes, yes, yes !—send for her father to America—send to Ireland—to Ireland for Delmont, and tell—yes, tell Armitage he has been unkind to abandon his friend’s child. They would all have come if they had known it sooner—but it is too late !—And now Lady Mary will not let them ; Mrs. Grinsted knows it is in vain ; and Glenmorris !—Oh ! he ought to have been here—Poor Glenmorris, what will he say !”

The woman, who had no doubt but that the young lady had eloped with a lover,

lover, began in the common phrases of consolation to say, "that she hoped all would be for the best, though to be sure it seemed a little hard at first for parents, when young people chuses them as are not altogether agreeable, but after all, when a thing was done there was no use in fretting, and happiness was every thing. Riches did not so much signify—and perhaps the gentleman, ma'am," said she, "may prove more agreeable than at present you seems to think. Pray, good madam, compose yourself—a great many other ladies have had the same thing happen. It was not a fortnight ago, that a young miss, an heiress to above thirty thousand pounds, ran away from her father and mother too, with an officer of dragoons from this here very house; and her parents to be sure, especially the old gentleman, took on very much about it; the young folks, however, got the start of them, and were clear off; and they made it up, and all was settled mighty

agreeable after they come back from Scotland."

Totally unconscious of the purport of this harangue, Mrs. Glenmorris heard nothing but the word Scotland, which fell on her ear as a sound to which some affecting remembrances were annexed. "Scotland!" exclaimed she, "who says she is in Scotland? No, no—there is no use now in going to Scotland, no use in going without me, for she will never find the place—but I will go with her—and I insist upon it, madam, that you do not detain me here. Pray," added she, addressing herself to the house-maid who had usually waited in her chamber, "pray, my good girl, get me a coach—here is money for you, (and she took out her purse with six or seven guineas in it) here is money—Go—make haste, get me a coach or a post chaise—I can call upon Mrs. Grinstead and let her know as I go along." She then began to take her cloaths and Medora's in an hasty way out of the drawers,

drawers, and requested the maid to help her put them into a portmanteau ; but her manner and her looks were so wild, and she appeared to be so entirely without any rational plan, that the mistress of the hotel, who thought she might not be paid for the days still due if she suffered her lodger so to depart, refused to let her leave the room ; and as she was evidently not fit to be left, directed the maid to stay with her, at least till she was quieter, and consented to go to bed. The provident landlady then counted the money before the maid, and put the purse in her own pocket, after which she fetched up some bread, wine, and water, and endeavoured to prevail on Mrs. Glenmorris to eat, but as she put every thing away by a motion of her hands, and still continued to insist on being allowed to go, the woman, tired of the contention, left her to the care of her servant, and retired.



## C H A P. VII.

*She talks to me that never had a child!*

**A**LL night—a most dismal night, Mrs. Glenmorris sat up; listening to every carriage that passed in the streets, eagerly attentive to every noise, sometimes even fancying that she heard a coach stop, and Medbra's voice on the stairs; and then, starting from the gloomy silence she had sunk into, she insisted upon being suffered to go out of the room, demanded by what right she was detained, and protested she would severely punish those who so barbarously prevented her seeking her child. The servant could only appease, by assuring her that when it was morning she should go whither she would. The morning at last came, but having been without rest or food, and suffering such distracting anxiety for so many  
many

many hours, she was unfitted for any of the exertions which might really have been of use; and notwithstanding the eagerness with which she insisted on being allowed to do something, she really was not enough in possession of her senses to have decided what were the most probable means of recovering her daughter.

Mrs. Glenmorris had, on all other occasions, shewn great strength of mind, and now, dreadful as the calamity appeared, she would probably have had resolution enough to have acted, had not the miserable uncertainty she was in, quite bewildered and overwhelmed her; the various forms of horror which crowded on her mind as to the fate of Medora, while she dared not look steadily on any of them; and the impossibility of her guessing with whom, why, or whither she was gone, were circumstances unlike any evil either dreaded or known. Had she been assured of what she had to dread, she would have bent her mind to counteract it; or had it been inevitable, the necessity of enduring

during would have benumbed and steeled her faculties, as it is seen every day to do those of persons suffering under irremediable misfortunes. But her child, her beloved, her adored Medora ! The cherished object of her maternal affection; the only hope of her Glenmorris ; a creature so eminently lovely, and with such an heart, such a mind ! She might now be vainly calling upon her mother to save her from evils to which death would be preferable. She might be shrieking in vain for that father to protect her, who was divided from her by almost half the world ; that father who had so reluctantly parted from her, and might now never see her more.

It was these thoughts that drove the unhappy mother to despair. Her senses became more and more bewildered the longer she dwelt upon them ; and she had no friend to speak words of comfort, to participate her anguish, or with friendly resolution to set about the search, which she was herself incapable of directing.

There

There was not on earth another calamity which could thus have affected her.

The mistress of the hotel made her appearance about eight o'clock in the morning, and found her miserable lodger had not slept the whole night, and that she had, with hardly any interval of tranquillity, incessantly raved for her daughter, talking incoherently of different people. Her countenance was changed, her eyes haggard and swollen, though she was unable to shed a tear; her hands burnt, and her discourse was more wild and disjointed than before. The first impulse the mistress of the house felt, was to send for medical advice. Some apothecary is usually employed at such an house, and to him accustomed to attend her hotel, she now thought of applying, being certain that the money she had in her custody was more than sufficient to pay her own bill for the four days due, and to satisfy the demand of her physical friend.

It happened that the apothecary was one of the most mercenary and interested  
of

of his class. He first acquainted himself with the circumstances of the person he was called upon to attend, and as he thought they promised him but little advantage, and had no doubt but that the girl, as he called her, was gone off with a lover, he advised Mrs. \* \* \* \* to have as little trouble, and to get the business off her hands as soon as she possibly could. He represented, that it was extremely improbable a lady of fashion or fortune should travel without a servant of any kind; and that as the person had uttered so many incoherences about a law-suit and lawyers, it was best to secure what money she had about her for payment of what was already due, and send her as soon as possible to her friends.

“I don't know who her friends are,” replied Mrs. \* \* \* \*, “not I!—Scarce any body have come to see her here, though she have been here going on three weeks, except some odd looking people, as I took for lawyers, and them there sort of gentry; but no gentlemen and ladies  
of

of quality in their own coaches. The man that came to carry off miss, which I dare to say was a concerted thing, was in the only coach, except an hack, which has ever been at my door on their account. I believe as you do, indeed Mr. Colocynth, that this Mrs. Glenmórris—the name don't sound somehow like an English one neither—is some poor woman come over from America (for I know they are Americans) about a law-suit which she has lost, and so is not able to find money to return; and miss, seeing how the case was, has very wisely and properly provided for herself.”

“ Yes, that is the truth of the thing—there's no doubt on't,” replied Colocynth; “ and I suppose you cannot doubt neither, if it be, what is your best step to take. There is no prudence at all in hesitating about such a matter. As you have enough in hand to pay yourself, make your bill, just for the sake of satisfying, you know, any enquiries that may  
be

be made—and let her go—I warrant she's not so mad but what she can tell of some one or other that will take her in, but if not, you know you are not in any way answerable. It cannot be expected that you should be bound to keep all the strangers that may come without money to your house.

Carrying with her a bill for five days board and lodging, Mrs. \* \* \* \* proceeded to the chamber of her mourning guest.

She was sitting on the side of the bed, her head resting on her hands; and heeded neither the house-maid, who was exhorting her to patience, nor the entrance of the mistress. The latter, however, roused her by saying, “that as she was so desirous of going to consult her friends about missus' elopement . . . .”

Mrs. Glenmorris looked up—and in a hollow and tremulous tone of surprise, repeated the word “elopement?”

“Yes, ma'am,” said the woman, “to be

be sure it must be counted so, that's for certain. No doubt the young lady is gone to be married in Scotland."

"In Scotland!" repeated Mrs. Glenmorris, with a deep and broken sigh.

"Why yes, ma'am," cried the woman, "that is the most common way, and most natural, as I was a saying t'other day—and so I think, Mrs. Glenmorris, it would be better for you, ma'am, to make yourself easy about it, and go to your friends till such time as——"

"Friends!" answered the patient, half shrieking, "friends did you say? *I have no friends.*"

Mrs. \* \* \* \*, whose philanthropy was not at all increased by this declaration, was only the more determined to clear her house of a person in so unfortunate a predicament as soon as possible; and finding her lodger, as she believed, perfectly sensible, was decidedly of opinion that there was no time to lose; she presented therefore her bill, and the purse which she had secured the night before, intimating,



intimating, in plain and unequivocal terms to her guest, that she must go to her friends. "For besides that, to be sure, ma'am, it will be a great deal more convenient to you," said she, "I assure you it would be quite a thing impossible for me to let this here apartment after to-morrow, for I have had a letter, to inform me that Squire Canterly and his lady, and two misses, and five sarvunts are a coming to-morow, to stay three weeks, on their way to *Northumbellan*, and to be sure, as the young ladies have always been used to have this here room, and as the fammully are as good customers as any I have, and always comes here when they are in Lonnon, I could not upon no account let it be full when they come."

Mrs. Glenmorris, who heard not a word of all this, understood however the purpose of her hostess was, that she was desired to depart; she motioned therefore to Mrs. \* \* \* \* to take the money for her bill—who immediately did

did so, and returned, of seven guineas, two pounds ten shillings. She then intimated to Mrs. Glenmorris, that it was always usual to distribute money among the servants—and two guineas more were conscionably taken for that purpose. Her cloaths and Medora's were then packed up, save a few trifling articles, such as muslin and cambrick handkerchiefs, and silk stockings, which Mrs. Biddy, the maid, thought the lady would not miss, "bin she was to be sure a little crazed," and that the young lady her daughter would never think it worth while to enquire for; and this honest and humane arrangement being completed, Mrs. Glenmorris was led unresistingly to a coach, and her baggage placed on the opposite seat. The waiter then desired to know whither she would be driven?—and absolutely incapable of answering, she gave him, on his repeating his question, a card, on which was written Mrs. Grinsted's address. He read it to the coachman, returned it, and the coach drove away.

This

This brutal conduct on the part of Mrs. \* \* \* \* was in some degree beneficial to the unhappy mother of Medora; it awakened her for a moment from that torpor of despair into which she had sunk, when her spirits having been so long agitated, she had exhausted every conjecture of where Medora could be, and rejected every vague plan for her recovery that successively arose. She felt not the unjustifiable behaviour of the hostess. She thought not about it. If no intelligence was to be obtained at the hotel, why should she stay; yet when she was for a moment calm and reasonable enough to ask herself whither she should go, her heart sunk again, and a deadly sickness crept over her. It was almost mechanically that she had given the coachman orders to go to Mrs. Grinstead's, the first person whose name occurred; but from her she had no hope of assistance in recovering her lost darling—and but little of sympathy and pity, though she in fact wished not for either, and felt that the pity of most

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people

people would irritate rather than soothe the dreadful anguish she laboured under.

Mrs. Glenmorris, however, did not expect—it was not in her nature to suppose it possible, that there could exist in a human form—in the form of a woman—a being, who would feel an horrible and malignant pleasure in aggravating the misery of a mother for the loss of an only child.

Mrs. Grinstead had not left her bed when the poor heart-broken and almost senseless mourner entered her house. Her woman seemed much concerned when she saw her.—“You have not heard of Miss Glenmorris, ma’am, I fear?” said she.—The wretched parent shook her head, but could not speak.—

“Am I to have the trunks taken in, that are in the coach, madam?” enquired the servant.

“I know not,” replied Mrs. Glenmorris, in a faint voice. “I have no place to go to; I do not want to go to

to any place, unless to my poor girl—or to die!”—

Mrs. Grinstead's woman saw how incapable she was of giving any direction, and ventured, though by no means sure her lady would approve of it, to order in the baggage.—Mrs. Glenmorris sat down in a parlour.

She was unconscious how long she waited there, nor had she any fixed purpose in seeing Mrs. Grinstead. Her mind, in its anguish, reverted, yet confusedly, to the past; and she reproached herself for having been so weak as to have been frightened from applying to Armitage. “Had he been here, I should not,” said she, “have lost Medora.—To what, to whom, have I sacrificed her and her father?—Oh! Glenmorris, you never can forgive me. I never can see you more!”

It was, in fact, towards Mr. Armitage alone her hopes turned, faint as they were; but even were he in town, how could he assist her in a search which she

had

had not the smallest clue to direct? She had, however, resolved to write to him, had rung for a pen and ink; the same servants, she had before spoken to, brought it, and Mrs. Glenmorris took up the pen, attempting to begin, but her hands trembled—her eyes failed her—the room seemed to turn round with her, and she was compelled to rest her head on a table—after having illegibly marked something that she meant should be “dear sir”—and still more illegibly the name of Armitage. Breakfast was now brought in by the footman, and after near an hour Mrs. Grinsted made her appearance.

Mrs. Glenmorris was hardly conscious of her entrance. When she saw her however, half rising from her seat, she held out her hand; but, unable to support herself, sat down.

There was nothing friendly or compassionate in the countenance and manner of the rigid spinster. She did not even spare her unhappy visiter the painful task

of relating what had happened, though her maid had informed her of the enquiry of the night before, and now, that the young lady was still missing.

"You have not breakfasted, Mrs. Glenmorris," said she formally—"you will take some tea?"

"You know what has befallen me, Mrs. Grinstead?—you know that I . . ."

"Yes, I *have* heard.—I am sorry—sorry—but not surprised."—

"Not surprised!—Why then," asked Mrs. Glenmorris, collecting her wild and half frantic thoughts—"why then did you know any thing of it; did you expect it?"

"I knew any thing of it," haughtily returned the lady—"I be acquainted with the clandestine operations of some nefarious libertine, and an inconsiderate young girl?—No, madam, I have no such irrational confidencies, I assure you.—Would to God, Mrs. Glenmorris, *your* conduct had always been as irreprovable. I am not astonished at the flight of your daughter;

daughter; for this reason, that I saw her averfeness from all society that was castigated by prudential reserve; and I am afraid, pardon me Mrs. Glenmorris, but the propensities of young persons have frequently their first volition given them by parental example. And you must now have severe recollections, indubitably; for you now feel perhaps, solicitude and even consternation, such as eighteen years ago your mother, my admirable and revered friend, Lady Mary, endured, when you unavisedly, to call it by no harsher name, left the paternal roof, and threw yourself, if I must speak my sentiments, with as little prudence as delicacy, into the arms—upon my word the idea is shocking—of a man of so dissipated a reputation as Mr. Glenmorris.”

The distracted spirits of the mother were all collected to repel, as soon as she understood this charge; but she could not express what she felt—she could only say, “Medora! Oh cruel to suppose it,



Medora has no lover. Medora is incapable of leaving me. She has no lover."

"I have heard Lady Mary say, that *she* thought *her* daughter incapable of so acting. Besides, madam, give me leave to remark, that you yourself communicated to me that Miss Glenmorris had an admirer—that Mr. Delmont—a disciple, as I have since learned, of *your friend*, the philosophical poet, Mr. Armitage. I see nothing impossible in such a personage taking advantage of your predilective imprudency—and matrimonial engagements are now, you know, spoken of with great levity.—Mr. Delmont, perhaps, knowing the predilection of yourself and Mr. Glenmorris for the manners and morality of modern Gallia, may have conjectured that he acted not very injuriously to your principles, in appropriating for a short period your daughter to himself.

"Delmont!" cried Mrs. Glenmorris, roused by so cruel a supposition, "Delmont

mont is incapable of such conduct—My poor Medora ! had Delmont been in England, would never have been so lost. No, madam, had Delmont—had Armitage been here.”

“ Upon my word, Mrs. Glenmorris,” said the good and charitable lady, “ you oblige me to say harsh things, when I am very unwilling to do it. Why will you persist in attaching yourself with adherency of infatuation to a man so obnoxious. I am not naturally censorious, madam, but as a friend in your days of juvenility, interested for your welfare, on account of your excellent mother, my venerable friend Lady Mary ; and as lately you have been pleased to suppose my interposition might be beneficial, I think there is a degree of incumbency upon me to state to you my unqualified opinion of *that* ferocious character, and to implore you, if it be only for the sake of your own reputation, that you would discard that man from your acquaintance. You know not how very injuriously the fatality of his pretensions

to be your confidential friend has already operated; and, indeed, it would be a discovery that would superinduce very little astonishment, if, on investigation, it were discovered that this *friend* was himself an auxiliary, and instrumental in what has befallen your daughter."

Mrs. Glenmorris, heart-struck before, was quite incapable of answering; she sunk back in her chair, and for a moment was again deprived even of the power of calculating the extent of her calamity. Nor did she distinctly hear a long harangue made by this humane and religious lady; yet she comprehended that it was composed of very severe strictures on her conduct, from the hour of her leaving Sandthwaite till the present moment, and reflections on the education and manners of Medora.—"It is now too late," added she—"the evil is no longer admissible of a remedy; but one laments! one laments the denunciation so evidently fulfilled against disobedience—" Behold the fathers have eaten four grapes, and the

the teeth of the children are set on edge."

Mrs. Glenmorris uttered a broken sigh; but she was still silent. The pious and humane gentlewoman, hoping her eloquence had produced, or was about to produce, penitence, proceeded:

"If you, and the person whom you so indiscreetly elected as the arbiter of your destiny, had in due time been visited with due compunction for your ill-advised dereliction of the very best of parents; and if you had thought proper, at an early period, to have transmitted your daughter to the protective matronage of your truly estimable mother, she would doubtless, with the benignity so particularly inherent in her disposition, have protected, educated, and superintended her — approximated to all that was praise-worthy and estimable among her own relatives, Miss Glenmorris might then have added a ray of illuminosity to the elevated hereditary respectability of her ancestors. As it is, however" — a pause ensued, the

worthy lady seemed silenced by the shocking contrast she had painted, and to wait till she could recover eloquence enough to pursue her charitable purpose. Her auditor became less and less in a situation to interrupt her; and she again, sipping her tea at intervals, went on.

“Do not think, Mrs. Glenmorris, that I say all this with the intention of communicating any painful retrospections. I speak in the plenitude of amicable solicitude; and I should indeed be very unworthy of the confidential regard of dear Lady Mary, if a misapprehended tenderness withheld me from probing to its foundation the ulceration of principles and connections, inimical to real sobriety of character and conduct; when you seem to expect that I shall be persuaded to an interference with your venerable mother on your behalf.”

Lost in the contemplation of her own misery, Mrs. Glenmorris heard nothing of all this parading harangue but its conclusion.

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She answered faintly—"It is not of my mother, 'tis of my child, I think."

"Alas," rejoined her persecutor, "If you had originally meditated more effectually on the one, you might not now suffer as you do for the other. But pray inform me, Mrs. Glenmorris, what is it you intend to do?"

"To die," answered the unhappy mother of Medora; whose senses again began to wander—"on this earth I have no business, if my daughter is taken from me."

"There!" cried the pitiless Mrs. Grinsted; "that is another shocking proof of your erroneous principles. What!—because consequences have followed the result of your own misconduct, which there was so much reason to expect, you would rush uncalled into the presence of an irritated and vengeful Deity, instead, oh! unhappy infatuation, instead of humbling yourself in the dust, before the angry Omnipotent, and owning, with tears of contrition, and a chastised spirit, that

you have deserved the punishment inflicted upon you, and deprecate the wrath to come; so may your sorrows in this world suffice, and you may not be accounted among those, who, following the new modes, have verily “sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils”—Besides—has it escaped your recollection, have you forgotten, that you are forbidden to fix your heart and mind on any sublunary creature—you are not to love any thing over much—but to consider yourself as a sojourner here on earth, and get the mastery over all passions, and affections, and inclinations. I am in good hope this untoward circumstance, may bring you to a due sense of your past indecorous errors, which will contribute to your salvation hereafter; but give me permission to repeat my question,—what do you intend to do at present?”

The heart-broken sufferer, understood no more of these barbarous reproaches than that they were meant to aggravate her sorrows; and that the person to whom she

she had addressed herself with a vague hope of being assisted in the search after her child, endeavoured to persuade her she deserved the dreadful misfortune of having lost her. Mrs. Glenmorris was by this time totally incapable of answering; she was incapable of forming any resolution, except that she would listen no longer to the inhuman woman, who, abusing the name of religion, could thus pour corrosive poison on the dreadful wounds of her heart, bleeding for the loss of an only child.

If instances did not daily occur, of the use made by hypocrites of the cloak of piety, to gratify with impunity the most odious passions of the human heart, it would be almost incredible that any creature, in the form of a woman, could delight to irritate the anguish of a mother weeping over misfortunes that might be even worse than death; but, besides that the heart of Mrs. Grinstead was naturally malignant, and her temper selfish and arrogant; besides the early prejudices she



had acquired, which had taught her that the high-born and affluent only were worth her consideration, or worthy to be ranked in the same class of beings, she had never forgotten that when Glenmorris was a young man, frequenting the house of Lady Mary, where she was occasionally an inmate, she had vainly endeavoured to attract his notice, and that he never shewed either attention to her person, though she was then thought young, (being not much turned of thirty) nor the least deference to her opinions, though every body else allowed her to be "a remarkably sensible woman." She still bore in mind, that he and Laura were once overheard to turn into ridicule her supposed attempts to engage the heart of Mr. Vanhugheynbourg, one of Mr. De Verdon's rich partners—and these recollections were sufficient to add personal hatred to the other motives, which engaged her to assist in delivering from the importunity of her daughter, or claims of her grand-daughter, her dear, venerable

rable friend Lady Mary, from whom she also expected for her services, a very considerable addition to a legacy which she knew that excellent dowager had already bequeathed her. When, however, she said that she believed Medora had eloped with some young fellow, she for once declared what she at that moment believed to be true, though, like Mrs. Crewkherne, she held it to be perfectly justifiable to alter, change, or falsify any thing, if the *existing circumstances* required it—a sophistry, in which she was countenanced by some of the greatest and most successful orators and statesmen of the present enlightened period.

## C H A P. VIII.

No—rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse  
To wage against the enmity of the air,  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.

WHEN Mrs. Grinstead had undertaken to assist, in what she called the “pious combination of justifiable deceptions,” that were to put Lady Mary de Verdon at ease; and when she therefore engaged not to lose sight of Mrs. Glenmorris, and to accommodate her with a small sum of money, at once to convince her of friendly intentions, and acquire some power over her; Mrs. Grinstead by no means intended to embarrass herself farther, and certainly not to receive her into her house for any time. She hated to be put out of her way; and when she had satiated her malignity, by sharpening and striking deeper the empoisoned arrow which lacerated the bosom of her wretched

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ed guest, she shrunk from the fear of having sickness and sorrow near her. Mrs. Grinstead had sometimes little elegant assemblies of literary ladies at her house; where, if any male creature was admitted, it was an author of satire on the opinions of reformers, or the preacher of a court sermon, printed "by particular desire." This party sometimes begun in discussions of poetry and politics, but ended almost always in rubbers and pools. The science of cards being, notwithstanding any affectation of more elevated pursuits, the true alma mater of this respectable community. Her tenderness for a sick friend, would indeed have been almost as good a subject of panegyric to Mrs. Grinstead, as was her liberal contribution to all public charities, where the names of subscribers are registered; but when once it were known, that this inmate was the disobedient daughter of Lady Mary, the wife of Glenmorris, who had been much talked of as a political writer of republican principles, and the avowed friend

friend of Armitage, a man still more obnoxious—and when it was known, that she was supposed to be made over by her profligate husband to this wicked Armitage, and that her daughter, who was trying to deprive sweet, dear, lovely Mary Cardonnel of half her fortune, had been so ill educated, that she had already eloped from her mother and was gone off, none knew with whom—when all this was known, it was impossible that either Mrs. Grinstead's long acquaintance with her family, or her compassion for a stray sheep, or indeed any other consideration, should be allowed, to qualify her reception of this unhappy woman, with the name of “an amiable weakness.” Oh ! no, such undistinguishing indiscriminate charity, would be said to give encouragement to the too much relaxed morality of modern innovators, and be derogatory to the dignity of her own immaculate reputation. To let Mrs. Glenmorris, in her present affliction, stay in her house, was therefore for this reason impossible.

impossible. But had not the opinion of her dear friends been in question, there were two other reasons sufficient to determine her not to do it. One was, that she hated any kind of trouble, and the other, that she had a still greater aversion to any kind of expence.

No sooner, therefore, was Mrs. Glenmorris retired to a room above stairs, where she begged leave to remain a few moments alone, than the lady of the house, who was always ready to cry out with the Pharisee—"God, I thank thee that I am not as others are," began to murmur at Mrs. Battins, her maid, for having invited Mrs. Glenmorris into the house, and taken in her baggage.

It has been said, that "no man is an hero to his valet de chambre."—And it is perhaps equally true, that no faintly gentlewoman has quite, in the opinion of her own woman, so great a share of perfection as she endeavours to exhibit to the rest of the world.

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Certain it was, however, that Mrs. Battins appeared, occasionally, to lose towards her mistress that reverence which she desired to extort from more distant spectators. And, whether presuming on the confidence her mistress had in her, or on the opinion that she could not do without her, Mrs. Battins governed her almost as despotically as she did the two servants who executed the business of house-maid and cook.

This woman had probably more feminine feelings than her lady, for she resentfully answered, that whatever her mistress might do, *she* had not the heart to shut the door against a poor lady in such distress.—“ I am really quite sorry to see her—It is enough to break any Christian heart; and to be sure it must be a cruel thing for a mother to lose such a sweet daughter, and not to know into what bad wicked hands she’s fallen.”

“ And what is that to us ?” cried the mistress—“ you know I am to have the last party of the year on Friday, and what  
am

am I to do with her?"—"I thought," said the maid, "that Mrs. Glenmorris had been your friend."

"I wish you would not think for me"—rejoined the lady with more asperity than she generally used—"as to friendship, this is no time to feel much of that; and besides it is Lady Mary, the mother whom this unfortunate person abandoned, that is my friend; and it was for her sake I troubled myself about her at all."

"Then I should think you might as well interfere for Lady Mary, who is as rich as an old Jew, and goes about with three footmen behind her coach, to have some bowels for her own lawful daughter, and not suffer her to be so unhappy and without money. I'm sure she seems to me to be a worthy lady; and I'm sure—"

"*You* are sure!" cried Mrs. Grinstead, and who gave you authority to be sure? What! she is a worthy lady—that is, she has given you money, I suppose, because she has so much. Such folks are always generous when they will not be just; but  
I tell



I tell you I'll not be incommoded, nor I cannot. Go to Lady Mary with a note I shall write, and see if you can persuade *her* that this unhappy daughter of her's is a worthy lady. For my part it is an unthankful business, and I'll have nothing more to do with it."

"I hate lady Mary," said Mrs. Battins, sullenly—"and if I must go to her I shan't be afraid to tell her my mind, I assure you—you had much better, ma'am, go yourself."

"You are impertinent, methinks, Mrs. Battins."

"No, ma'am, I'm true and just, and that's what I will be as long as I can. I won't tell a lie to please the king; nor twenty kings and queens too—and I'm free to say I do think Lady Mary a cross and wicked old woman, and let her own daughter want a place to put her head in, when she have three or four houses, and besides rolls in money, and all her servants are always a boasting how well they live, and seem to think no other people  
are

are worthy for to wipe their shoes.—“He that provideth not for their own,” saith the Scriptures, “is worse *nor* an infidel.”

Mrs. Grinsted continued to insist on the former undutifulness of Mrs. Glenmorris; and declared that what had happened looked very like a judgment upon her; and the conversation became so warm, that neither mistress nor maid were any longer guarded either in their tone or their terms.

Mrs. Glenmorris, when alone, had reflected as well as her overwhelmed and distracted mind would allow her to do, on all she recollected of the discourse she had heard from Mrs. Grinsted.—Another night was now approaching—Another night! and Medora lost—Medora suffering, perhaps, every terror, every indignity, and calling in vain on her mother—that mother who had never, since her birth, been one day absent from her. The idea was so dreadful, that to endure it was impossible; yet the very anguish it inflicted  
nearly

nearly annihilated the faculties of the unhappy sufferer, and deprived her of power to consider of the best means for recovering her child; who, notwithstanding the cruel intimations of Mrs. Grinsted, was, she well knew, incapable of having voluntarily left her. Innocent, candid, ingenuous, Medora never had a thought that she desired to conceal from her mother.—Delmont was the only man who had ever spoken to her of love; to Delmont her young heart was attached, with all the tenderness his merit deserved; and to him she had been authorised by the approbation of both her parents to dedicate her life. It was not in nature, therefore, that any other man should have estranged her from him and from her duty, had any one had an opportunity. But no such opportunity had been given—Medora had no acquaintance—she had never been out of her mother's sight save only thrice, when Mrs. Glenmorris had gone among the lawyers, where it would have been unpleasant for her daughter to have

have accompanied her; and at those times she had remained above stairs during her mother's absence; and the maid who waited on her there had declared, that till the note was delivered to her from the person with whom she had left the hotel, no one had ever been admitted to speak to her, or ever asked it, or had she received any letter or message whatever. It was then certain, that some stratagem must have been used to decoy her from her mother's protection; but why or by whom? Her sweet and youthful figure, and countenance, though eminently lovely, were less captivating at first, than irresistible after the mind that informed them was understood. Many young women were as handsome—a still greater number more shewy—and it was not likely in these times, when beauty is so common, that in this country any one should carry her off against her consent, merely on account of personal attractions. Medora was poor—and therefore it was equally improbable that any other motive could

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engage an adventurer or fortune-hunter, in so hazardous an undertaking. Why, therefore, and by whom was she thus torn from the arms of her mother—and where could that wretched mother seek her?

Far from having received any consolation or advice from Mrs. Grinsted, all the anguish of heart which Mrs. Glenmorris sought to assuage by her advice had been redoubled; and finding she had nothing to expect from the compassionate assistance of a woman who knew not how to feel for her, she had endeavoured to collect all her strength, and to take some steps herself. It occurred to her, that by advertising she might gain some information, as well as by enquiring of persons who let out hired coaches, and for this purpose she was descending the stairs when the animated dialogue between the mistress and the maid reached her ears—for the stairs and passages were all carpeted, and the door of Mrs. Grinsted's dressing-room, where they were talking, was half open.

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris then, descending the stairs, heard her name mentioned, and heard too that she was considered as likely, from the state of her mind and her fortune, to be a troublesome inmate; that she should be looked upon as an unworthy acquaintance by the coterie to which Mrs. Grinstead belonged, and was spoken of as the disgrace of her family, and the unhappiness of her mother. There were not many circumstances that could have added to the anguish of mind Mrs. Glenmorris at this moment endured, but the undeserved stain thus thrown on her character; the cruelty of imputing to her, twenty years of whose life had been passed in the most affectionate execution of the duties of a wife and a mother, errors and crimes, the commission of which had never entered her mind; the malignant arrogance with which Mrs. Grinstead decided, that the deepest wound which could lacerate the heart of a parent was inflicted on her by the just vengeance of heaven, were circumstances that (when

added to the fatigue, fear, and want of rest for so many hours, during which she had hardly swallowed any nourishment) quite overcame the little fortitude she had been trying to collect, and instead of going again to speak to Mrs. Grinsted, and name to her the means she meant to pursue, Mrs. Glenmorris now walked hastily out of the house, unknowing whether she was going, yet resolute to return to it no more.

In her pocket she had two five pound notes (the remainder of Mrs. Grinsted's loan) and some silver. The idea of advertising for her daughter returned to her mind as soon as it was impressed no longer with the strictures of the cruel-hearted woman she had left; of herself she thought not; her whole soul was again absorbed in the idea of having been deprived of Medora, and in vague and half-formed projects for recovering her.

That with an husband, who idolized both her and her daughter; with such a man as Delmont, so fondly attached to that daughter,

ter, and such a friend as Armitage, Mrs. Glenmorris should be so destitute of protection, appeared to be the most strange as well as lamentable of all circumstances; yet her long residence out of England, and her estrangement from the family of her parents, had prevented her from cultivating the acquaintance of the former friends of her house, and those of Glenmorris were, besides Armitage, men who had either been carried to different parts of the world by the extraordinary changes which had happened within the last ten years in Europe, or had retired to their estates at a great distance from London, so that Mrs. Glenmorris could not recollect one person to whom she might, in this cruel exigence, apply for advice and assistance.

Thus forsaken and forlorn, her frame sinking with weakness, and her heart agonized with pain, she continued to walk along the streets towards Charing Cross, where she had some recollection of having seen the office of a news-paper. The



hurry in the streets, the noise of carriages, and the busy faces, all eager in some pursuit, and none probably, at least none in her rank of life, who had not an house to receive them, and friends who participated in their disappointment or success, contributed to distract her; so that when she at length found the place she wanted, and entered the office, she was unable to relate the occasion of her coming; and when the person who attended asked her commands, she sat down and had nearly fainted, for tears had not once come to her relief, since the dreadful conviction that Medora was torn from her.

The man in the office, like those in offices of more consequence, was totally void of feeling; he again, and somewhat roughly, demanded to know her business; and with difficulty she explained to him, that she wished to put into the papers an advertisement relative to the disappearance of a young lady; but the moment she had said so much, the cruel necessity of describing her daughter, of making her loss

of public, and exposing her to the malicious animadversions of the brutal and vicious, struck so forcibly upon her mind, that when the man with an ironical sneer on his countenance asked her for the particulars, informing her at the same time of the price paid by the line at their office, Mrs. Glenmorris found herself utterly incapable of executing her plan; her senses were again forsaking her; she left the place abruptly, and once more found herself in the street.

She then, without any settled resolution, went to the hotel which she had quitted that morning; but the mistress of it was conscious that she had been imposed upon and ill-treated, and apprehended she had either returned, to reproach her, or might be again come to take up her abode there, which would be attended with trouble greater than the profit that could be derived from it; and of her madness the hostess doubted not. For these reasons that prudent person disappeared, and ordered her servants to give such answers as might

deter her late guest from renewing her enquiries there. Rudeness and denial, when she had so much need of consolation and pity, completed the distraction that was now gaining rapidly upon her, and impressed only with the idea that she was seeking Medora, and that Mrs. Grinstead had driven her from her house with menaces and reproaches, she for some hours wandered about the streets, unconscious whither, and becoming every moment less and less fit for the purpose she fancied she was executing, that of seeking her daughter. Towards evening she found herself in one of the streets near May Fair. Her wild looks, her disordered step, and something that at once demanded respect and excited pity, had been unnoticed while she had rambled through the great avenues of the city; but now several women observed her with curiosity, and servants standing at the doors looked after her. There was nothing about her that gave rise to ideas of her being a person of doubtful character. She was still very handsome,

handsome, but such was the dignity of her figure and the expression of her face, that even the vulgar could not mistake her; her derangement of mind, however, becoming more and more visible, exposed her to the designs of those wretches, always on the watch for prey, who lurk about the streets of the metropolis, and two of them were following her, when a woman who observed them, and the object of their pursuit, went also after her, and as she was turning to go towards Hyde Park, (for a confused notion had suddenly struck her that Medora was perhaps gone back to Upwood) the woman, who was one of those good body's that attend the sick, or lying-in ladies, accosted her with, "Madam, I am afraid you are not well; I am afraid you have lost your way—It is a late hour rather for a lady like you to walk alone in the park."

Mrs. Glenmorris looked wildly a moment on the stranger who accosted her, then answered in a breathless, incoherent way, "That she was going to Upwood—

She thought her daughter might be there — Delmont would assist her, and they should find her she hoped — Only," added she, " my fear is that Mrs. Crewkherne may have got there first, and have hid her from us—and Mrs. Grinstead, I am sure, would never let me know it—It must be some such thing—I am astonished I did not think of it before."

The woman, who had now an opportunity of observing her more nearly, was convinced that it might be well worth her while to take care of a lady, whom some calamity seemed suddenly to have deprived of reason. She had a valuable watch by her side, and a diamond ring on her finger, while the fine linen and muslin, of which her dress was composed, and the handsome laced cloak she was wrapped in, left no doubt in the woman's mind as to her rank of life ; and of course she calculated, that any services done to such a person would be sufficiently advantageous to herself, and perhaps they might also be the means  
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of getting her recommended to some "good families." Mrs. Deacon had just left a lady whom she had attended, and was likely to be for a fortnight disengaged. Having nothing therefore to intercept her humanity, and imagining it could not fail to be profitable, she persisted in following Mrs. Glenmorris, who, having once spoken to her, suddenly conceived that she was sent to engage her to go back to Mrs. Grinstead, and to divert her from the purpose her mind was now bent upon, that of hastening to Upwood, and to Denbury Farm, at one of which places she was sure to find Medora.

Impressed with this notion, the unhappy distracted mother started away from Mrs. Deacon, who would have taken her hands, and ran back along the street from whence she had just issued. Mrs. Deacon pursued her, but, fat and heavy, was likely every moment to lose sight of her, if she had not called aloud to the passengers to stop her. "The lady is mad," cried she, in a voice that

echoed through the street; "stop her, pray stop her, or she will do herself a mischief." Two footmen, who were lounging at the door of a great house, came forward at the cry, extended their arms to prevent her passage, and the poor affrighted Mrs. Glenmorris sunk down before them—while she tried, but had no voice to implore their mercy. Mrs. Deacon, who followed quickly, found her fallen on her knees on the pavement, her hat had fallen off, and her still fine hair, flowing over her face, added to the wildness of her countenance, while she grasped the iron bars of the area, and protested that no force should compel her to return to Mrs. Grinstead, who had used her so cruelly; that she would go to Upwood; and that nobody had any right to detain her. The woman now began to expostulate, while a crowd gathered round them, and Mrs. Glenmorris, whose phrenzy encreased by opposition, by heat, and by the strange faces that surrounded her, answered only by repeated shrieks,

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and by protesting, that she would severely punish any one who attempted to detain her from going to Upwood.

Lady Mary de Verdon was at cards in her front drawing room, with Lady Limpston, Lady Barbara Grieves, (her old friend and correspondent) and Mrs. Bayley, one of those good sort of folks who are so useful in the houses of superannuated dowagers, to make up a rubber, or do any other little service that may be required of them. Miss Cardonnel, the darling grand-daughter of Lady Mary, and a Miss Richmond, one of her young friends, were practising a new duet in the adjoining dressing room, which, as the house was large, was also in front, when the meditations on the long trump in one room, and the musical harmony in the other, were interrupted by the increasing noise in the street. At length Mrs. Bayley, who was the only one of the elderly party whose ears were very quick, could not refrain from going during a deal, to the window; but as what



she could see from thence rather irritated than satisfied her curiosity, she rang the bell to know what was the matter, and the only servant, who was not by this time engaged before the door, attending the summons, was interrogated by Lady Mary, as to the noise in the street. "Oh! my lady," said Michael, "'tis a crazy person, my lady, who have escaped away out of a mad house, my lady, and got to be start staring mad, just here before your ladyship's door; and Missus Dacon, my lady, the nuss tinder, as used to be at Lady Benton's, over-right, is trying, my lady, to make her quiet, and get her back to the mad doctor; but she's desptert mischievous, my lady, and Abel and John are a helping to hold her."

Miss Cardonnel, at this moment, ran into the room, and told her grandmother, that the unfortunate person in the street was certainly a gentlewoman—"It is shocking to see her," said the young lady. "Mrs. Bayley I wish, if my grand-

mama

mama has no objection, that you would go down and see what can be done for her." Lady Mary, who understood very little, and cared still less about the distress of a person at her door, never however contradicted a wish of Miss Cardonnel's, even though the rubber must stand still, and Mrs. Bayley, glad to oblige the young heiress, went down.

There was by this time a collection round the door of near three hundred people. Mrs. Bayley, on the first glance at the unhappy object before her, saw she was a person of some consideration, and being shewn the watch and ring which Mrs. Deacon had taken into her care, nothing more proper occurred to her therefore, than to have the poor sufferer brought into the house, in the lower part of which there was no likelihood of her incommoding Lady Mary, who was too infirm ever to come down stairs, (except when carried by her servants to her coach). Miss Cardonnel, who with generous solicitude had by this time ventured to  
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the door, was eager that the unhappy stranger might be brought away from the rude gaze of the multitude. Her will was the law of all the family, and the men servants were now directed to what was very easily performed, for by this time Mrs. Glenmorris was quite exhausted, and, unresisting, suffered herself to be carried into the house, whither Mrs. Deacon followed her by Miss Cardonnel's directions, and the men being dismissed, she was placed on a sofa in a back parlour, appropriated to the use of the house-keeper.

## C H A P. IX.

—————The worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience !

MRS. GLENMORRIS was now in the house of her mother, brought thither by accident, after the lapse of near twenty years ; but she was totally unconscious where she was, and Lady Mary little knew the inmate whom the compassion of Miss Cardonnel had induced her to receive.

Miss Cardonnel was of an humane and generous disposition ; and though her education had been ill directed, and every possible pains had been taken to make her proud, selfish, and insensible, by the foolish admiration and boundless indulgence of her grandmother, and the adulation of the dependents and domestics, she was a rare instance of a young woman

man possessing an heart which prosperity could not harden, nor bad example vitiate.

The general calamities of poverty and sorrow, which distress those who are not determined to be blind, in every street, and form a shocking contrast to the splendor and luxury of the rich in the metropolis, had always hurt the sensibility of Miss Cardonnel, who had frequently been remonstrated with by her governesses, and laughed at by her young companions, "for collecting," said the elderly ladies, "such crowds of beggars round the coach door, that there was no comfort in their airings," while the gay giddy flutterers of fortune, who threw away their time and money in pursuing all sorts of trifles round the town, thought it vastly absurd that Miss Cardonnel often put aside half a crown or half a guinea, which she was solicited to lay out, saying, she made a conscience of not throwing away in frivolous purchases money which so many unfortunate people

ple wanted to enable them merely to exist.

With this general disposition to benevolence the appearance of Mrs. Glenmorris could not fail to affect her, and probably would have done so, if she had not observed in the haggard countenance, the glazed unconscious eyes, and incoherent ravings of the unhappy stranger, something that appeared familiar to her memory. Who was it the person before her was like? and where had tones exactly similar been present to her?—The form of the face, the figure of the person, and the voice, all bore a most extraordinary resemblance to her mother, who died when she was thirteen, and whom she perfectly recollected. This resemblance was, she thought, merely accidental, but it affected Miss Cardonnel so much, that when after a short interval of silence, the consequence of her being totally exhausted, Mrs. Glenmorris again began to call upon her daughter, to entreat them to let her go to her child,  
her

her angel child, and to consider what might be the consequence of her mother's being thus torn from her; when she again shrieked and raved, calling on heaven to witness how barbarously she was treated, Miss Cardonnel could not remain in the room, but recommending her earnestly to the care of the housekeeper and Mrs. Deacon, retired in tears; yet recovering herself as soon as she could, went to give an account to Lady Mary of the situation of the unfortunate lady, and ask permission for her to be put to bed, and taken care of in the house, till her friends, who would undoubtedly miss her, should come to take her into their care.

Lady Mary, who was in no danger of being herself incommoded by this arrangement, willingly consented, but Mrs. Bayley, though with great deference to Miss Cardonnel, raised some objections. She said the poor lady was most undoubtedly raving mad, and, she should have thought, had broke from her confinement in some  
house

house destined for the reception of lunatics, yet some appearances contradicted that supposition; her dress, and her remarkable fine long hair; the watch she had by her side, and the ring on her finger; therefore to be sure, mad as she was now she had not been long so, "and for myself, I freely confess," said Mrs. Bayley, "that I have my doubts—If the poor lady should be afflicted with a phrenzy fever—It may be infectious; it may be attended with very disagreeable circumstances—I own I have my doubts how dear Lady Mary might like to be put to the inconveniencies it might bring on."

Lady Mary heard not half this, and what she did hear made very little impression upon her—She bade her dear Mary (Miss Cardonnel) do just as she pleased, and then returned again to her rubber with her two venerable friends, who took no part whatever in the conversation, and seemed to have outlived every faculty and every feeling but those which enabled them to deal,



deal, shuffle, and calculate their winnings.

But if tranquillity was thus restored above it was by no means the case below, where the house-keeper, who never loved any kind of trouble, and began to apprehend she should have a great deal, was very much out of humour with Mrs. Deacon, with whom she was acquainted, and after many oblique remarks on mercenary officiousness, said, "I hope you will stay yourself, ma'am, and look after this person, if Miss Cardonnel's whim is for her to stay here; for my lady is going out a town in a few days, and for my part I shall have fatigue enough, and cannot have my rest broke in upon by strangers, not I."—She then desired Miss Cardonnel's maid to ask her mistress what room the strange lady was to have, and who was to stay with her—"We shall be waked all night, I suppose," said she, "and mid as well pass it in Bedlam, if once she begins her tantarums. A strange fancy, I think, of Miss Cardonnel's, to bring mad folks

folks into our house; but I hope we shall be quit of the trouble on't to-morrow."

The unhappy subject of these selfish apprehensions was once more sunk into silence. Exhausted and breathless, almost senseless, she suffered them to carry her up stairs, where she was put into bed, and Miss Cardonnel, directing Mrs. Deacon to stay by her, and assuring her she should be satisfied for any trouble she might have, ventured once more to approach, and to take her hand, which now lay lifelessly on the quilt. It was very feverish, and communicated an heat like that which is felt after touching nettles; her pulse could not be counted, and Miss Cardonnel, alarmed for the life of the unhappy stranger, dispatched her own footman for the physician that attended the family.

This gentleman, as humane as he was skilful, highly applauded the generosity of Miss Cardonnel. He told her the lady, who was certainly oppressed with  
fever,

fever, which seemed to him to arise from violent agitation of spirits and excessive fatigue; that of the disarrangement of her intellects he could not judge in her present state, but that he would order what should quiet her, and prevent, if possible, her relapsing into those alarming fits of raving and exclamation that had been described to him. This done, he went away, Lady Mary not knowing of his visit, and the medicine being soon after, though not without difficulty, administered, Mrs. Deacon entered in due form on her office of nurse, valuing herself highly on her sagacity, and thinking with complacency that she was sure of being handsomely paid by Miss Cardonnel, besides the advantage she expected to derive from the friends of the lady whom she had so opportunely met and protected.

It was only by repeated doses of the medicine that the unhappy patient was kept during the night in a sort of unquiet slumber. With the morning a slight degree of consciousness returned, and Mrs.

Glenmorris

Glenmorris starting up, undrew her curtain, and looking wildly on the woman who sat near the bed, said in a hurrying manner, "Where am I? My child, my Medora, is she here? Has any one had the humanity to restore her? Pray, madam, tell me, where am I?"

Mrs. Deacon, who imagined her patient had a lucid interval, and that she should take advantage of it to find where her friends resided; she therefore began with more exactness than discretion to relate what had passed the evening before, adding, "So you are now, ma'am, in the house of a lady of fashion, who is very willing you should remain, till such time as you are able to be moved to your friends."

Mrs. Glenmorris now endeavoured to recal all that happened the preceding evening till after leaving the news-paper office, she had found fatigue of body and anguish of mind insensibly overwhelm her. She was now become an object of charity to a stranger, and admitted to her house  
from

from wandering in the street ! But it was the cause of all this that hung with dreadful weight on her heart. However humiliating the consequences, they were nothing, and only the image of her dear lost girl dwelt on the mind of the wretched mother.

In the severe trials she had been exposed to in the early part of her life, Mrs. Glenmorris had shewn no want of fortitude and force of mind. The series of years she had since passed with a man, the strength of whose understanding had subdued the violence of his passions, and who possessed the rare assemblage of genius and reason, had given to a mind naturally of superior rank every advantage which it could derive either from observation or books ; but during that time, protected by his tenderness from every inconvenience, she had not felt the evils of life, and was now but ill prepared to resist what had so unexpectedly fallen upon her—the heaviest, the severest of all miseries—the loss of a beloved child.

A partial

A partial recovery of that reason, which this great misfortune had shaken, was to her only a renewal of anguish. She had just enough recollection of the general habits and sentiments of her mind, to know, that, instead of giving herself up to despair, she ought to collect all her powers, and exert them to recover her child. With her hands pressed closely over her eyes, as if at once to conceal from her the light of day, which was become odious to her, and to stop the throbbing pulses in her temples, Mrs. Glenmorris endeavoured to acquire calmness enough to act with more effect than she had hitherto done. Two nights, and the greater part of two days, she had been lamenting instead of acting; and perhaps rendered incurable, evils she might have remedied—and duty, affection, every motive now called upon her to practise maxims she had a thousand times recommended. While the nurse continued therefore to talk, Mrs. Glenmorris heeding her not, and, unconscious of what she said, was contriving how she

might avail herself of the kindness of the woman of rank in whose house she understood herself to be, to set on foot those enquiries for Medora, which Mrs. Grinstead had been so far from assisting in, that, instead even of words of pity and consolation, she had heard from her only taunts and reproaches.

In pursuance of this plan, Mrs. Glenmorris desired to have her cloaths brought her; and exerted all her strength to rise and dress herself; but having with difficulty done so, she became so faint, and found her head again so confused, that she was under the necessity of lying down on the bed for a few moments, when she told the nurse, she thought she should be a great deal better.

Mrs. Deacon was one of those good women, who are paid for their attendance on others, and apply the advantages derived from their labour to the indulgence of themselves in articles of luxury, which from their own situation in life they could never obtain. She was a jolly dame of  
fifty-

fifty-four, with a round red face, an almost gigantic person, and an herculean constitution ; so that she could sit up for months together, and eat and drink the whole day, with a perseverance which was, apparently, extremely beneficial to her health. Lady Mary had always been remarkably attentive to the elegance and nicety of her table ; and, as she advanced in years, she became more fastidious and luxurious. At two o'clock, every day, a collation was served up in her dressing-room, and as soon as it was over, Mrs. Spicer the house-keeper, and any one among the domestics whom she chose to honour, were admitted to share the same repast in Mrs. Spicer's parlour. The brawny attendant on poor Mrs. Glenmorris was extremely disposed to avail herself of this occasion of indulging her appetite, and of tasting some sweet white wine, with which she knew the guests in the house-keeper's room were occasionally treated.

As Mrs. Glenmorris desired to be left alone, the opportunity was not to be neg-



lected; gliding, therefore, down the back stairs as silently and nimbly as her bulk would permit, the good guardian of the sick, who was received kindly by Mrs. Spicer, was soon so busy with the niceties before her, and the Spanish wine had so powerful an influence, that she forgot the poor lady above, and began to relate history after history of all "the good families" she had *tended* in—told how such a lord behaved to his lady; and how genteel Sir Marmaduke Mandrake was to all the *nusses* and *farvunts*, when Lady Mandrake, after being married nine years without arrow child, persecuted Sir Marmaduke with as soon a boy as iver the sun shoon upon."

Mrs. Glenmorris, being thus relieved from her impertinent prate, regained once more that degree of recollection, which was necessary to enable her to carry into execution the vague plan that had before occurred to her. She got up, therefore, and having twice rang the bell, in the intention of sending a message to the lady  
of

of the house, but no one attending the summons, she determined to go herself. On reaching half way down the stairs, however, the opiate, which had failed of giving her quiet sleep, added to the giddiness and confusion of her head. She had just presence of mind enough to hold by the balustrade, that she might not fall, and slowly and with difficulty arrived at the drawing-room floor, which consisted of two very spacious, and one smaller apartment, splendidly furnished. Passing through the first of these, which was empty, Mrs. Glenmorris advanced through the open door to the second. An old lady was there alone, seated on a damask sofa, and surrounded by silk pillows. Not hearing very distinctly, and imagining it to be one of her attendants, she took no notice of the person approaching her, till Mrs. Glenmorris, at that moment, conscious that she beheld her mother, uttered a loud shriek, and fell at her feet.

Lady Mary, terrified and confused, not directly knowing her daughter, yet

having recollection enough of her face and figure to be shocked and amazed, rang violently for the attendants. A man and two female servants flew in alarm to my lady—"My lady! your ladyship!"—they were struck dumb, as well by the prostrate and agonized figure of Mrs. Glenmorris, as by the exclamation of Lady Mary.

"Who is this?" demanded she angrily—"how came she in my house; who dared bring her here?"

"It is the lady, ma'am," replied the man—"the lady that was taken mad in the street last night, and that Mrs. Bayley—"

"Mrs. Bayley!" it was she then whose officious impertinence had contrived this interview—for Lady Mary was now certain it was her daughter she saw kneeling before her; that daughter to whom she had been indifferent and severe in her youth, and who now was the object of her dislike and dread.—"Mrs. Bayley!" cried she angrily, her voice trembling with

with passion—"Let Mrs. Bayley be sent for this moment—how dares she take such liberties—where is my Mary?—where is Miss Cardonnel?"

Mrs. Glenmorris, distracted as she was between the loss of her child, and this sudden and unfought interview with her mother, was hardly able to articulate—"My mother!—have mercy upon me!"—uttered in a tone of anguish, which would have moved any other heart, had no effect on the callous bosom of the Lady Mary.—She moved away from the place where her unhappy daughter knelt, and, assisted by her woman, was carried to her dressing-room, when she again gave peremptory orders that Mrs. Bayley might be sent for; and continued loudly to call for Miss Cardonnel—her dear Mary.

The footman informed her that Miss Cardonnel was gone out in the coach with Miss Richmond. A servant was dispatched for her, and another sent to desire Mrs. Bayley would instantly attend.

Lady Mary then began to lament her  
and soon explained to such of the w  
dering servants as were present, who  
lady was, that till then had appeared to  
a stranger, introduced into the house  
the active compassion of Miss Cardonnel

Mrs. Bayley being really one of those  
officious persons, who are generally de  
tested by the servants of a great family,  
was now without an advocate to remind  
Lady Mary, that she had, in fact, op  
posed the admission of the stranger, while  
Miss Cardonnel had insisted upon it ; but,  
besides that, none of them felt disposed  
to speak in favour of the busy whisperer,  
Mrs. Bailey ; they were thunderstruck,  
when they perfectly comprehended that  
the unhappy person, whose distressful en  
trance into her house was so offensive to  
Lady Mary, was her own daughter. No  
offence that she could possibly have com  
mitted eighteen or twenty years before,  
seemed to be a sufficient reason for this  
unnatural rejection of her, and however  
their interest might compel them to follow  
their

their lady's orders, there was not one of them who would go with a message to Mrs. Glenmorris to leave the house. They lingered instead of obeying, in hopes that the generosity of Miss Cardonnel might obtain a respite, at least, for the unfortunate lady.

She was herself again unconscious of her miseries—for some moments after her mother so abruptly left her, she remained still kneeling, with her head on her arms, which rested on a chair—and the short though extraordinary scene she had passed, appeared like a wild dream. The delirium which had been gaining on her ever since Medora was missing, returned with accumulated force, and she was seized with a paroxysm more violent than that of the preceding day. Her cries soon brought Mrs. Deacon, and several of the servants into the room, and with great difficulty, assisted by the footmen, they forced her back to the room she had left, where, as it was at a great distance from the apartment of Lady Mary, they

L 5                    imagined

imagined she might remain unheard, at least till Miss Cardonnel arrived.

That amiable girl came back in about an hour, and at the same moment arrived Mrs. Bailey. The latter, with difficulty obtained an hearing in vindication of her innocence; the former was shocked and amazed to understand, that the poor wanderer she had been induced to succour from motives of humanity, was so near a relation.—She could not listen, without shuddering, to the severe anathemas which Lady Mary uttered—infirming upon it, that the whole was a plan artfully contrived, to force her to receive an ungrateful and worthless woman, whom she never would consider as her child. Miss Cardonnel had often attempted, but in vain, to soften the resentment that, whenever they were named, her grandmother expressed against the family of Glenmorris. This was the only point wherein she had no influence, and Lady Mary had frequently enjoined her silence in so peremptory a way, that Miss Cardonnel  
thought

thought she did more harm than good in attempting to plead for them. Since it had been known, that they intended to try how far the will of old de Verdon left an opening to the succession of his youngest daughter's heirs, this hatred on the part of Lady Mary had received an accession of inveterate malignity, and she had never heard the subject named without reproaching Miss Cardonnel for her weakness. "These are the people," cried she, "you would have me be kind to—these very people who are now going to law with you, and would rob you of your birth-right."

Lady Mary, far from being moved to compassion, when the deplorable situation of her daughter was represented to her, persisted in her resolution of having her removed from her house. Miss Cardonnel resolved not to execute so cruel an order, at least till some comfortable situation could be found for her aunt, sent for Mrs. Grinstead, who was, she thought, the likeliest person to assist her



with counsel, and to appease the anger of her grandmother.

Mrs. Grinsted arrived at a late hour of the afternoon, and appeared neither much shocked, nor much surprized at what had happened. She explained the cause of Mrs. Glenmorris's insanity by relating, that having come to London with her daughter on the law business, they had lodged at an hotel, where the young lady had it seems some acquaintance, with whom, in the *inconsiderateness* of her juvenile enthusiasm, the effect probably of an ill-directed education, she had evaded—in a word eloped.

Miss Cardonnel was more affected than before, when she had learned the source of that sorrow, which had crushed to the earth a woman, whom even in her present state of mental imbecility engaged her affection, while she called forth her pity; but Mrs. Grinsted did not encourage this generous sympathy; she appeared very reserved; hinted that there were circumstances in the case, with which it was  
not

not desirable that Miss Cardonnel should be acquainted, and represented how very improper it was, that she should interfere in an affair that could only properly be decided by the feelings and judgment of Lady Mary.

Having thus damped, as she imagined, the indiscreet zeal of this young and disinterested advocate, Mrs. Grinstead renewed her private conference with Lady Mary; while Miss Cardonnel, whose affectionate heart was agonized by her aunt's distresses, went up to enquire after her. Mrs. Glenmorris became every hour in a more distressed state. The fever which had seized her brain gained upon her, and whoever had seen her at that period, would not have hesitated to say, as the nurse and people about her now did, that she was absolutely insane. At Miss Cardonnel's request, the physician again attended her in the evening, and she appeared to him to be in a state that would require remedies and discipline,  
such

such as could only be obtained in an house appropriated to the reception of patients labouring under the loss of reason. Miss Cardonnel wished to conceal this opinion yet another day from her grandmother and Mrs. Grinfsted, in hopes that some alteration for the better might happen, but Dr. \* \* \* \* \* thought it his duty to announce the truth to Lady Mary—he knew not how nearly the stranger was related to her.

In consequence of this intelligence, which was still farther confirmed in his visit the following morning, it was determined that the name and condition of Mrs. Glenmorris should be kept a secret from every body, and that she should be conveyed, as privately as possible, to one of the most remote houses, within twenty miles of London, where lunatics are received. It was by no means proper, that one so nearly related to Miss Cardonnel, should be known to be in this unhappy condition—And Lady Mary, in  
agreeing

agreeing to pay a very handsome salary, tried to persuade herself that she should acquit herself of her duty—She was sure at least of gaining many points of great consequence. Impressed from the reports of Mrs. Crewkherne, with the most invidious idea of her daughter's attachment to Mr. Armitage, she really thought that to conceal her from him, was to save her from future misconduct. She would, by holding Mrs. Glenmorris in her power, put an end to the prosecution of a suit which she could not think of with patience, and acquit herself of her maternal duties in a manner even exemplary, by receiving, though under another name, the daughter who had thrown off her protection, and defied her authority.

Mrs. Grinstead undertook to settle this business for her, assisted by Mrs. Deacon. Lady Mary hastened a few days her intended departure from London, and Miss Cardonnel, no longer suffered to exercise her generous humanity, was compelled  
to

to leave the unfortunate mother of Medora, who, sometimes raving for her daughter, sometimes sunk in dejection, was conveyed under the name of Mrs. Tichfield to an house in Hertfordshire, on the borders of Essex.

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## C H A P. X.

*If she is gone—if I have lost her! If?  
Ah! how endure I now to think it may be—  
How, should it prove so, live?*

**W**HEN, after a rapid journey, George Delmont arrived at Upwood, his disappointment and consternation are not to be conceived.

By a series of those perverse circumstances, which frequently occasions the delay of letters between England and Ireland, Delmont had never received any of those written to him by Mrs. Glenmorris or Medora, after the first week of his absence, so that now, without the least previous information, he found his house deserted by those, whose love and esteem he had considered as the dearest addition to the comforts of home; and to which he had looked forward as a compensation

compensation for all the perplexity and uneasiness of his long absence.

He hastened over to Mrs. Glenmorris's lodging at Dalebury—there it was still worse.

He approached the farm-house, on the side where were Mrs. Glenmorris's apartments. Susanne, her Swiss servant, was sitting in the old fashioned projecting window, where, on a sort of shelf that went round it, within, was Medora's little collection of geraniums and myrtles, with some curious roses and mignonet. Susanne was at work, but her mind seemed indeed to have strayed from her fingers, and she seemed as if she was ready to weep over the plants left to her care. Delmont stood looking at her a moment; but when she perceived him, the poor woman flew round to the door, and eagerly enquired for news from her dear ladies? He came to her, he said, for news, for he had only heard at home that they had been gone a fortnight; the countenance of Susanne immediately  
fell,

fell; and it was with difficulty she sufficiently recovered herself to tell him, that she had every day expected her ladies home, because she had not heard of them for above a week, and could no otherwise account for their silence. She had never since she entered on her service, which was when Medora was an infant, been so long separated from her and her mother; and now poor Susanne felt so deserted and forlorn, that she tormented herself with a thousand wild conjectures and apprehensions, which, vague and unfounded as he thought them, failed not to add to the disquiet of Delmont.

Ashamed, however, of being alarmed at what was probably only a common occurrence, he checked the disposition he felt to indulge despondence which might be groundless and childish, and endeavoured to re-assure Susanne; while she continued however to lament herself, and to tell, in her motly language, which had often a ground of French, oddly embroi-  
dered



dered with English and German, how dull and sad a life she led. The farmer's wife was a very good woman to be sure, but then she was always busy brewing and baking, and getting the men's dinner, or else out at market, and sometimes there was nobody in the house, Susanne said, but herself and *alors elle avoit peur, des Bokemiens, des mandians, des matelots avec des jambes de bois, qui rodoient autour de la maison ;—“ et dont il y'en avoit un Monsieur,”* said she, “*qui parceque je lui ai repondu en François, a pesté juré, et m'appellé FRANCHE BICHE —avec des GODE DAMS, et des jurements effrayant.*”

Delmont, to relieve poor Susanne from any such disagreeable rencontres for the future, told her she should remove to Upwood till her lady's return; a proposal the poor woman joyfully accepted, and the same evening Delmont sent one of his men to attend her, in a convenient cart, with Medora's moveable garden, which

which Susanne declared she could not leave to the chance of their being taken care of by the farmer's maid.

Her arrival did not serve to appease the restless anxiety of Delmont. He had now somebody to talk to of it, and his wanderings round his house and grounds no longer yielding him any delight, usually ended in a conference with Susanne—whose solicitude every hour increased, and after two days she said, “ *Il est impossible que madame, ou mademoiselle ne soit pas malade ; mon Dieu !—Ah ! monsieur, si vous vouliez écrire !* ”

To write had been Delmont's first idea—yet there was something like impropriety in writing, as if to require Mrs. Glenmorris's return as soon as he himself arrived. There were, undoubtedly, letters that had missed him, accounting for her absence ; and all that seemed now necessary was for her to know (which he had informed her on the instant of his arrival) that he was once more at Upwood.

He waited her answer, which might  
have

have arrived on the second day, with inquietude. It was, however, possible that a transient absence, the pressure of business, or many other circumstances, might have prevented her replying exactly by the post's return. Another day, however, came—no letter!—a fourth arrived, and still the comfortless answer that there was no letter at the post for him.—Suzanne repeated, “*Ah! si monsieur voudres ecrire un petit mot.*” And it occurred to Delmont, that possibly Mrs. Glenmorris might have removed from the hotel, whence her letters to Suzanne were dated, and had gone into lodgings, while it was very probable that the people at their first residence had forgotten her address, or neglected to send her letters.

On the fourth day, therefore, after his return, Delmont wrote to the mistress of the hotel, and on the fifth received the following letter from one of her men :

“SIR,

“SIR,

“With my missus’s humbel dutty, this comes to let you no, that Mrs. Glenmurry and miss, has been gone from here about a wick. The young lady went fust, and the older lady stade on night, but no more ater her. Cant pertend to say were there gone two, not havin leef a drickshon. From, fir, your humble servant to command,

CHRISTOPHER CRUET.”

\*\*\*\*\*’s Hottel,

Jully 30th, 17——.

Delmont was astonished at the purport of this letter—and when poor Susanne heard it, he was obliged to suppress his own feelings, to appease the grief and fear it inflicted on her. He then walked out to consider what he should do, and after weighing maturely every circumstance that related to Mrs. Glenmorris’s situation, he could not help concluding, that it must be some disagreeable event  
which

which had compelled her first to go so suddenly to town, and now to take what appeared to him measures to conceal herself. — If she was in the slightest degree embarrassed, he could not too soon be with her; he therefore pacified Susanne as well as he could by assuring her, that if her ladies had occasion to stay much longer, she should be sent for to them; and then mounting his horse, he set out that evening for London, where, merely allowing time for his servant and horses to rest on the road, he arrived at noon the following day.

Delmont hastened immediately to the hotel. His eager looks, and quick manner of questioning the waiter, soon baffled that secrecy which had been recommended to this man. He became confused, and that there was something to hide, could not escape the penetrating eyes of Delmont—reserve in such a case indicated some painful mystery. He therefore put an half-guinea into the waiter's hand, who, after a sort of preamble, informed Delmont,

mont that the young lady, after whom he enquired, had gone away one day, unknown to her mother, with a gentleman who came to fetch her in a coach—"Her mother, sir," continued the man, "but Lord, sir, your honour looks very white! shall I fetch you a little something?"

"Go on!" cried Delmont, eagerly.

"Well, sir, as I was a saying—Upon this, that is upon the mother's coming home, she was quite beside herself like, to think as her daughter was missing; and out she sets again to some frind of hern where she thought mis might be?"

"You distract me," exclaimed Delmont, "pray hasten what you have to say."

"Well, sir, and so, sir, as I was a saying, Mrs. Clanmurry, after she comed in, out she goes again to this frind's. But no mis was there, sure enough. Well! so about twelve and one, she comes back."

"Who?" cried Delmont, stamping impatiently.

"Why, fir, the elder lady; the mother; I was a gwine to say the old lady; but to be sure she is not old—only that her daughter is younger."

Delmont's patience wholly failed him—"This is insupportable," cried he—"What, my good fellow, do you mean?"

"Are you the lady's brother, fir?" enquired the man—"If so be, as you are a very near a-kin, why . . . ."

"Why, what then? For God's sake, friend, tell me—Suppose I am her brother?"

"Then, fir, to be sure you must be concerned; for though the young lady's mother could not abide for to think so, I must say, to speak the downright truth, that the lady did certainly elope, as they call it."

"Elope!" repeated Delmont, "impossible, Medora leave her mother?—Medora elope?—with who?"

"Nay, fir, that's more than any of us knows. Why, that's what her mother said; says she, it's no such thing, says she.

My

My daughter Dorer is not capable of no such thing, says she, and, . . . (poor lady, she seem'd quite distracted mad) and so says she . . .”

“ Where is the person who keeps this house ?” asked Delmont, “ I must see her.”

The waiter began to give many reasons why it would be of no use for him to see Mrs. \* \* \* \*; but Delmont push'd by him, and went into the room where she sat.

Though her account was more formal and more guarded, and though she took care not to say that she had desired Mrs. Glenmorris to quit her house, because she believed her insane, Delmont thought it even less satisfactory than that of her servant. He besought them to recollect the name of the friend to whom Mrs. Glenmorris went, but they both declared they had not the least remembrance of the lady's name. All they could recal was, that she lived in one of the new streets beyond Oxford Road—“ Could they remember the number of the coach she



went in?"—Neither of them had noticed it.

Delmont then summoning all his presence of mind, insisted upon having every circumstance repeated to him that had happened. But when they mentioned a gentleman in a coach who had fetched Medora away, he found their descriptions differ entirely. And at last the good woman, who chose to draw him as a tall, genteel, handsome young gentleman, owned that she did but just see him through the window, and being very busy just then had not much noticed him.

Delmont, having exhausted every question by which he hoped to gain any information, left the house in a state of mind of which he had before formed no idea. He walked along the street perfectly unconscious whither he was going. Amazed at what he had heard, and bewildering himself in conjecture, he tried to recollect the persons Mrs. Glenmorris had occasionally named as those she had business with in London.—Petrify, the merchant,

merchant, was the only one he could at that moment think of; he turned, and went towards his house.

On enquiring for Mr. Petrify he was shewn into a compting-house, where one clerk was running over aloud to another the Banker's book. They heeded him not, civility being no part of their character, unless towards those by whom they expected to profit. There was, however, something very imposing in the figure of Delmont, and having at last obtained the notice of a lad who was writing in a corner, he went out to call the master of the house, and Delmont was shewn into the parlour.

Such was the uncontrollable anguish that tore the heart of Delmont, that when a little short-legged Jew-looking man entered and announced himself as Mr. Petrify, he could not find terms to express himself. To mention the words lost, disappeared, eloped, with that of Medora, he found impossible. He therefore, though in visible agitation, enquired

whether Mr. Petrify could direct him to the present residence of Mrs. Glenmorris.

The little shuffling man, (with a look much resembling that which a young Israelite turns towards a purchaser for his oranges whom he meditates to cheat,) examined Delmont's countenance while he spoke.—It was agitated by struggling passions; but Petrify knew nothing about them. He would have understood better the sharp etchings made by disappointed avarice; and had Delmont come to enquire after an insurance, or deprecate the attempt to put an end to

“ that dreadful trade,

“ Which robs unhappy Afric of her sons,”

Petrify would from sympathy have comprehended his sensations. As it was, he neither understood nor liked Delmont. Conscious that his treatment of Mrs. Glenmorris, though all proper and justifiable in the way of business, might be differently considered by such a man as the

the

the person before him, he thought it prudent and proper to give such answers as might put an end to all farther enquiries addressed to him. He therefore replied that he knew nothing, nothing at all of Mrs. Glenmorris; had not seen her for some days; imagined she was gone back into the country; and was sorry to say he could give no information whatever.—Delmont urged him to try to recollect the names of some persons with whom she had been acquainted in London; Petrify protested he had not the remotest knowledge of any of her connections; declared that it was merely by chance he was introduced to Mr. Glenmorris's correspondence, from which he had derived so little advantage, that he had determined wholly to decline it.—Delmont asked where the friend, who was the means of introducing him, was to be found? Petrify answered that he had long since returned to America; and Delmont, finding he could obtain no information, left the “little Jew-looking”

merchant to return to speculation  
profit and loss.

Whither could he now go? The name  
of Mrs. Grimsted occurred to him; and  
after a long search, and by enquiring  
several tradesmen in the part of the  
town where he remembered she lived,  
he found the house; Mrs. Grimsted had  
left London the day before for the re-  
mainder of the summer; and there was  
nobody but a man and his wife, hired  
to take care of it, who could not even  
tell him where to direct to its mistress.  
They only knew that she went first to  
the house of *some lord*, a long way out  
of town; but was to stay there only a  
few days, and had said she would write  
to let them know where her letters should  
be sent after her.

It had been the business of Delmont's  
life to acquire that firmness of mind  
which can alone render a man satisfied  
with himself, or respected by others. This  
he knew was to be obtained only by shak-  
ing off his prejudices, and subduing his  
feelings

feelings — By determining never to be misled by the passions of others, or hurried into dangerous pursuits by the ardour of his own ; but in the present instance all his philosophy was useless. He was wretched ; and his endeavours to escape from his misery were vain. In attaching himself to Medora, he had followed the purest dictates of reason and nature. He had lost her, and the hideous obscurity that involved the circumstances of his loss, became deeper as he tried to remove it. He would have reasoned with himself ; but the pain that distracted him was not to be appeased by sentences, or mitigated by comparisons. It was in vain he recollected the cruel certainty which had at an early period flashed on his mind, that man is born but to suffer and to die—and equally vain were the examples that occurred to him ; examples of the power of reason to raise the soul above the transient sufferings of humanity. There are still some instances where the greatest vigour of intellect had

failed under the pressure of human misery \* ; and the fortitude of a philosopher of twenty-three might well desert him, when evils were felt that had subdued the stoicism of the most illustrious characters.—Delmont tried (and for the first time in his life, since the loss of his mother, when he was too young to have that command over himself which he had since obtained, fruitlessly tried) to argue away the anguish that now overwhelmed him.

While his calmness thus deserted him, he could find no comfort in exertion, no relief from local circumstances—even the certainty of Medora's death, though his spirits seemed to fail him at the very idea of it, appeared to him now as an evil less horrible than the dread that oppressed him. It was not possible for him to imagine that Medora had voluntarily left her mother. Simplicity might be misled, and innocence betrayed ; but when simplicity and innocence were united with such good sense

\* Cicero is one of the most remarkable examples.  
and

and *integrity* \* of understanding, as Medora possessed, he believed it impossible that the arts of a libertine (for men under that description are generally the most shallow and contemptible of their species) could in a short period change her heart by vitiating her judgment. Her mother, he knew, was as attentive as tender. Over this dear and deserving object of her fondest affections Mrs. Glenmorris watched with unremitting vigilance; and it was to him incomprehensible that any man should have an opportunity of executing so daring a scheme, (even supposing such had been formed) as to snatch Medora from the vigilant care of such a guardian.

And this dear, this venerated and beloved mother, where was she? Why could he not participate with her the anguish

\* I do not know whether this expression conveys my meaning, which is, that natural strength and rectitude of mind, seldom seen, because it must be strong indeed where it has resisted the early counteraction of what is called education; but which, where it does survive, forms characters capable of every thing that is good and great.



this cruel event had inflicted on them both?—" Oh! dearest and fondest of mothers," cried he, " had you been less influenced by scruples, and by false delicacy, unworthy a mind like your's; had you confided your lovely daughter to me, we should now have tasted altogether, almost unexampled happiness. Instead of which, we are condemned to such wretchedness that I dare not trust myself steadily to look upon it."

## C H A P. XI.

*Multo putans, fortemque animo miseratus iniquam.*

**A**T the approach of night, Delmont found it impossible to attempt taking any repose—Yet whither could he go, or what could he do to relieve himself from the misery of suspense?—Had he ever cultivated any acquaintance in London, it was not now that society could relieve him—Armitage was the only man to whom he wished to speak; *his* voice the only one that he thought he could endure to hear. Fortune, as if to teize him with trifles, than which nothing is more difficult to bear with temper, while any heavy sorrow presses on the mind, contrived to throw him into the way of Dr. Winslow, who was waddling along the Hay Market, and whom  
he

he did not see, till he was so near that it was impossible to escape him.

The doctor, who had long since lost all fears about his niece, and all resentment for what had happened at Upwood, and who was proud of such an acquaintance as Delmont, advanced to him, expressed great pleasure at seeing him, and began to inform him, as if it was a matter of great import to all the world, that he and his family were in London only for a fortnight, having come from his house in Wiltshire, to furnish themselves with a few articles for a tour to Scarborough, which had been settled for the rest of the summer. Before the doctor had half finished what he had to say, Delmont had totally forgotten that he was speaking at all ; the doctor however ended some sentence, to which his companion had given no attention, by saying, " I am sure Mr. Delmont you must be of the same opinion ?"

Delmont,

" Answering neglectingly he knew not what,"

but

but which the doctor took for an assent to his proposition, he cried, rubbing his hands, “Ah! now that’s right, my dear sir—I *thought so*—I *thought* good sense like your’s would at last induce you to hear reason—Indeed I often stood amazed it could ever be otherwise. I was afraid you were carried too far among the enemy, but I rejoice, and with exceeding great joy, to find that I am deceived. No no, the enemy must have nothing to do with persons of eminent merit, and I hope . . . .”

“What enemy, doctor?—who are you talking of?” cried Delmont, “but I beg your pardon—I am in haste; good evening to you—my compliments to the ladies.” Delmont would then have hastened away, but the doctor said he was merely going to take a turn in the park for a little air, after the fatigue of his day’s shopping, and would walk with him. He began a long history about his son; (Delmont walked on in silence, hoping every moment the hum of the doctor’s monotonous

monotonous prose would cease); he then detailed the history of a trial he had had with the farmers of one of his parishes, about setting aside a *modus*—quoted precedents *temp. Eliz.* to justify his demand; made a short philippic against the unreasonableness of farmers; from thence glided into an episode, which described the dinner given by a nobleman to the judges on the circuit; retailed a *bon-mot* of Dr. Squably's; and was entering, with the most persevering desire of being heard, on a second history relative to Mr. Middleton Winslow, when Delmont, unable to preserve the forms of politeness, turned from him, and quickening his pace, was soon at the end of Bond Street, the coffee-house he had usually frequented being in that neighbourhood; when suddenly he saw before him a figure which seemed to be that of Armitage. Delmont hastened to look in his face—it was Armitage himself.

Hardly were they able to express their joy at meeting, before Delmont eagerly enquired

enquired if he had seen Mrs. Glenmorris or Medora?

“No,” replied he, “but I was now going to Mrs. Grinsted’s to obtain a direction to them—for I cannot tell why, but the people at the hotel gave me evasive answers, and denied knowing any thing about them.”

Delmont now found that his friend was ignorant of the strange and most distressing intelligence relative to Medora. The street was not a place in which to communicate it, but entering a coffee-house together, Delmont there related all that had passed—and if any thing could equal the pain he felt in telling, it was that with which Armitage heard him. The latter then told Delmont that Mrs. Glenmorris had written to him, “and though,” said he, “I could see by her manner of expressing herself that her heart was ill at ease on other subjects, she touched very gently on her pecuniary embarrassments, which I am afraid have been more perplexing than either of us  
were

were aware of, and it is impossible to tell how far those embarrassments might have been the cause of the extraordinary and most distracting catastrophe of her disappearance. I lose all patience when I reflect that nothing of all this could have happened, had Mrs. Glenmorris possessed resolution enough to have despised the paltry gossip of I know not what foolish women—and if with every other virtue under Heaven she had but possessed that decided character which, self balanced from conscious rectitude and superiority, is above being put out of its course by every whiff of malice or folly. Mrs. Crewkherne, and some other contemptible cats, chose to suppose, in the purity and delicacy of their vestal imaginations, that I could not have an affection for my friend's wife without desiring to supplant my friend; and here has this dear woman, as she almost acknowledges herself, been deterred from applying to me by this infernal crew. I cannot speak of them with patience—and who can now  
tell

tell what may have been the consequence to her daughter, to herself, and to my poor friend Glenmorris, who would not, I am convinced, survive, or at least not possess his reason, if he should be deprived of those two creatures so justly dear to him !”

He who is in desperate circumstances, catches at every hope however feeble. Delmont had a vague expectation of receiving some consolation from Armitage — Armitage had none to give him. Their mutual doubts and conjectures served only to augment their mutual disquiet, and they agreed to separate at an early hour, that each during the night might consider what could be most effectually done the next day to discover their lost friends.

By day-break Delmont was again on foot, and Armitage did not long suffer him to wait. Yet when they once more reconsidered the projects of the preceding night, they neither of them saw any light to direct their search. The morning passed  
in



in fruitless efforts on both sides, and they met again at five o'clock, only to relate their vain enquiries, and to aggravate the apprehensions with which they were both tortured.

A note was brought to Delmont while he sat at table, (not while he dined, for he had neither eat nor slept since his first knowledge of Medora's being missing); he opened it eagerly, for all his thoughts being on that subject he concluded it could relate to nothing else. At any other time it would have given him pleasure, for he was fondly attached to both his sisters, but particularly to Louisa; but now he was incapable of joy, and every thing like happiness seemed an insult on his misery. Louisa wrote thus:

“ My dearest George,

“ I came to London last night with  
“ my aunt Crewkherne, and Mr. and  
“ Mrs. Bethune. The latter are going  
“ into Wales to attend on Mr. B—’s  
“ mother, who is much indisposed. Mrs.

“ Crewkherne,

“ Crewkherne, who is very civil to me,  
“ though you know I am no great fa-  
“ vourite, gives me my choice whether  
“ to accompany her to Ramsgate; ac-  
“ cept an invitation I have had from  
“ Miss Goldthorpe to accompany her,  
“ with Dr. and Mrs. Winflow, to Scar-  
“ borough, or return to you. You have  
“ taught me, where I am alone concerned,  
“ to act from the impulse of my own  
“ heart; and you will surely guess that  
“ its fondest wishes are, to be once more  
“ in that beloved spot, and under that  
“ dear protection, which I prefer to every  
“ other. This may not be politic in re-  
“ gard to Mrs. Crewkherne, but it is  
“ pleasant, and I cannot sacrifice my af-  
“ fection for you, to the hope of sharing  
“ her fortune with Caroline. But, my dear  
“ brother, if you have any reasons that  
“ make this inconvenient, say so at once  
“ to your Louisa—I am sure however  
“ that you will, for you are candour and  
“ sincerity itself. I am almost ashamed  
“ of the doubt this enquiry seems to im-  
“ ply;

“ply; but you know not the legends I  
“have been compelled to listen to on  
“the subject of persons who must I am  
“sure be deserving, since they are dear  
“to you.

“Mrs Crewkherne having room in her  
“house only for my sister and Mr. Be-  
“thune, with their servants, I have taken  
“advantage of Miss Goldthorpe’s oblig-  
“ing invitation, and fortunately heard  
“from Dr. Winflow that he had met you  
“in the street, and remembered your ad-  
“dress. I wait impatiently to see you,  
“my dear George—and I hope nothing  
“that passed at Upwood will make it  
“unpleasant to you to see at this house

“your ever affectionate

“LOUISA DELMONT.”

At any other time Delmont would  
have flown with impatience to Louisa  
for her own sake; he now hastened to  
Dr. Winflow’s, glad indeed to embrace  
her whom he had not seen for some  
months; but now the tender interest he  
took

took in his sisters was overborn, by his agonizing solicitude for Medora and her mother, while a confused idea forced itself upon his mind, that Louisa, who evidently alluded to them in her letter, might have heard something of them. He thought not of the awkwardness of meeting Miss Goldthorp; but hastened to Dr. Winflow's, and regardless of forms, sent for Louisa into a parlour. Louisa, enchanted with his kindness, ran down to him immediately, and throwing herself into his arms, wept for joy. The sight of her called forth anew all those affections which his sisters particularly inherited in right of their mother; but when his mind recurred with new force to the lost object of his love, to his innocent lovely Medora, exposed to insults which his soul shuddered to think of, he betrayed symptoms of grief and despair which could not escape the observation of Louisa. "For God's sake, my dear George," cried she "what is the matter?

You

"You look very ill—your seem very uneasy?"

"And do you know nothing, Louisa, that is likely to make me so?"

"I know that Adolphus has embarrassed himself and you; and that your journey to Ireland was on his account, and has distressed you; but I was in hopes—"

"And does Louisa know me so little as to suppose that mere money matters, however perplexing, could inflict such a degree of uneasiness as would embolden my meeting her, and not admit of palliation or concealment at such a moment? Oh! no, Louisa; I have learned, should it be necessary, to be content with a little; Adolphus has not acted towards me quite as I think I should have done towards him; but it is over, and I give my paltry troubles on that score to the winds. Ah! my Louisa, there are sorrows for which there is no cure—which no philosophy can combat, no resignation endure."

Louisa, more alarmed by his look than even by his expressions, exclaimed, "Good heaven! my dear George, what do you mean?—for pity's sake keep me not in suspense, but tell me—what is the misfortune you deplore?—Is the young lady dead, to whom you were attached?"

A deep groan preceded Delmont's answer—"Louisa, there *are* misfortunes worse than death."

"You torture me," cried she, "pray explain yourself."—Delmont then related, as coherently as he could, the history of the growth and progress of his love for Medora; and ended with the extraordinary recital of her being missing from an hotel; of her mother's leaving it the next day in a state of dejection—for he had extorted as much from the servant at the hotel—and the more strange circumstance of their both disappearing, though certainly *not together*—which distracted him—yet in some way so unaccountable, that he had not been able to discover the least trace of either.

Louisa listened to him with amazement and concern—"My dear George," cried she, "how my heart bleeds for you, and for this unfortunate young woman. You hoped, you say, that I could give you some intelligence!—Would to God I could; but I have never heard her name, or that of her mother mentioned, since Mrs. Crewkherne was so extremely angry with me for taking her part, that I thought I should have been sent back to you in disgrace; and so I certainly should have been, if Caroline and her husband had not good naturedly interposed. My aunt Crewkherne's abhorrence of poor Mrs. Glenmorris is to me unaccountable; I should think there was some great personal animosity between them, if I did not know that Mrs. Crewkherne never saw her.—My aunt, to be sure, seldom spares any body; but her violent aversion to these friends of your's exceeds in virulence and ill humour all I ever saw before—and she does not scruple to say such things . . . !"

"What

"What does she say?"—asked Delmont, eagerly.

"There is no use in repeating what she has said," replied his sister. "I am convinced of its untruth, and was so even before I heard the particulars you have now related; for I was persuaded, in my own mind, that such persons as she described could never interest or attach my brother George."

"Surely," said Delmont, meditating a moment—"Surely this malicious old woman cannot have imagined and executed any plot to carry off Medora?—There is nothing of which I do not believe her capable; but I do not see that she could, in this case, have the power to execute so detestable a purpose. She undoubtedly knew, Louisa, who Mrs. Glenmorris was?"

"Oh! yes, perfectly.—She learned it very soon, I believe, and she mentioned, in the way of pitying Lady Mary de Verdon, how much she had said to that lady about her daughter's misconduct—



her connection with Mr. Armitage and . . . .”

“Do not repent her infamous, her infernal malice, Louisa; I cannot bear it. I will not see her; for to keep my temper with her would be impossible. When did she see Lady Mary?”

“After she left Upwood, I believe; I was not then with her; but she delighted to relate, I know not what, stories of Mrs. Glenmorris’s youth, and to tell how she ran away from her mother. And because she saw that it teized me, she was pleased to dwell on every circumstance (many of which she invented I am sure) that could throw any reflection on Mrs. Glenmorris, or her daughter.”

“Where does Lady Mary de Verdon live?” said Delmont, still musing. — Louisa had never heard, or had forgotten. He knew, however, it would be easy to learn at any of the shops about St. James’s—and telling his sister he would see her again in an hour, he left her.

Delmont

Delmont hastened to the house where he learned Lady Mary de Verdon resided. There was only the porter and his wife. The former a very surly fellow, who gave short and reluctant answers, holding the door in his hand. The woman who had at first opened it, seemed more disposed to be communicative; but when her husband heard the questions that Delmont was asking, he came hastily forward, and bade her leave the door.

Delmont, as well by persuasions as by the offer of money, endeavoured to prevail on this man to give him the intelligence, which it seemed in his power to do, of Mrs. Glenmorris. The more eagerly he appeared to desire this, the more sullenly and rudely the old pampered domestic repulsed him, till Delmont finding it difficult to keep his temper, left him to consult Armitage, and returning for a few moments to Louisa, then sought his friend.

Armitage had not had better success; but, as well as Delmont, had been met

every where with oblique insinuations of the improper nature of the friendship he professed for Mrs. Glenmorris, inverts on the motives of his anxious enquiry, and the reports which had given rise to all this, he traced in more than one instance to Mrs. Crewkherne.

To what he had thus learned himself, were added the intimations Delmont had received from Louisa, which he now repeated, and Armitage heard, with more emotion than either of them were accustomed to shew.

Armitage, pausing a moment, said; "I have made it an invariable rule to despise slander where it affected only myself, and have always found that to notice it served only to feather the *elf-bolts* \* which other-

\* In many parts of England, on calcareous soils, are found stones shaped exactly like the heads of arrows, sometimes with great part of the shaft. The peasants call them *elf-bolts*, and used to imagine they were shot by malignant fairies against their cattle. When a child, I have often seen them about the south downs.

wife

wife fell harmless, and were forgotten; but in this instance, where the character of a blameless, an amiable woman, is traduced—where my affection for my friend, and my consequent protection of his family, is converted by the diabolical malice of an old woman, impotent in every mischief but this, into the means of blasting the fair fame of the wife and child of my friend, and has perhaps been the cause to them of most irreparable evils, I must endeavour to stop it. Have you any objection, George, to my going to Mrs. Crewkherne?"

"No, indeed.—Let us both go to her instantly."

"Not so, Delmont. She is your relation, and may think that gives her a right to talk to you in a way which she will hardly venture to me, or which I shall know how to answer if she does. When I reflect on the weakness and violence of her conduct, ever since she first discovered your attachment to our poor Medora, I cannot help fancying (though I own I

know not how it should be) she has something to do (in the witchcraft) that has occasioned the disappearance of that dear child and her mother; for that either of them have been to blame, I cannot allow myself to suppose for a single moment. It was now late. Armitage, however, who disdained all forms, when goodness was to be done or evil prevented, set out for the house of Mrs. Crewkerne, and Detmont, who intended to re-commence his search with the dawn of the next day, took the only occasion he thought he should have, to press the demands of his family against his uncle's estate, on his executor, Sir Appulby Gorges. No business, no consideration whatever, had power to call off his mind a moment from the mysterious and cruel circumstance that had blighted, perhaps for ever, all the prospects of happiness he had imagined; but as money was absolutely necessary, whether he was to seek, or to avenge Medora; and if he regained her, such as his fond hopes sometimes suggested

gested (that same lovely, innocent, and blameless creature he left) necessary to secure her future safety and comfort; it was therefore forwarding the sole purpose for which he now lived, if he could obtain any satisfaction from Sir Appulby Gorges.

It happened, contrary to his usual custom at this season of the year, that Sir Appulby was in town. Sir Appulby was negotiating, and as the party was not one whom he could, with any effect, invite to witness the advantages of mercenary politics at his splendid villa of *Wicket Hall*, he had taken up his own abode in town, to wait the favourable moment of closing, on behalf of his employers, with his young proselyte, who, from some unfortunate events that had befallen him at certain houses near St. James's, found it unexpectedly requisite either to sell himself or his estates; and prudently preferred the former; but chaffered about the price, in hopes of making a better bargain.

His *ultimatum* was to be given by a friend that evening; and it happened that

George Delmont, who, in height and general appearance, resembled that friend, was as such admitted by the porter, and without question shewn up stairs, where Sir Appulby, who expected a very different person, was very far from being glad to see him.

“ I came to you, Sir Appulby,” said Delmont, “ on the affairs of Lord Castledanes.—It is some months since you assured me that you would hasten the payment of money which has been unaccountably delayed.—Give me leave to tell you, that this sort of conduct in an executor has the worst appearance imaginable.”

“ My dear Sir !” replied Sir Appulby, in visible confusion, his fat gills quivering, and his swollen eye-lids twinkling—“ my dear Sir ! have I not already and before told you, and informed you, and desired Mr. Cancer to signify to you, and let you know and acquaint you, that the moment it could be done legally and properly, and in due course, these matters should be

settled, paid, and discharged? Have  
it said, and repeated and declared  
and . . .

Yes, Sir Appulby, you certainly have  
and repeated all this; and because  
have repeated it so often, and be-  
cause of your general character for pre-  
dication—or you must forgive me, Sir  
Appulby, if I call it by a shorter name,  
say, that because you have so de-  
clared and so shuffled, I do not believe

Sir, cried Sir Appulby, “I assure  
I am not used or accustomed . . .”

I know nothing of what you are ac-  
customed to.—I come not hither to en-  
gage into, or to conform to your cus-  
toms; it is mine always to speak plainly,  
Appulby, and you must permit me  
to tell you, that you have behaved very  
ill in this affair already, and that it  
is not my business to prevent your be-  
coming still worse. You are not, perhaps,  
accustomed to such plain language; but it is  
for me to use it, at least as far as re-  
lates



lates to my family's affairs, which, after what I know of you, I really should without of your hands, even if we did not want the money you so needlessly keep back."

There is no being so meanly fearful, as he who having dared to do wrong, *because he dared*, dreads every moment the detection which sooner or later overtakes villainous actions. Sir Appulby, from his earliest practice as an attorney in the north, till the some of his political consequence, had been in habits of taking advantage of every body who by any chance fell in his power, and had for the most part done it with impunity. Some were afraid of what he could do through the influence of his patron, who was what is called a *man in power* (one who, with an overgrown fortune, has neither feeling nor principle), others were held in awe by the supposition that Sir Appulby might himself be a great man hereafter, and *then* have the means of serving them; and others dreaded him in

in the united qualities of a lawyer and a  
 rascal to the insolent profligacy of exor-  
 bitant wealth, which they dared not  
 lift their eyes.

Sir Appulby had long been one "whom  
 every body knew to be what nobody  
 chose to call him." He had robbed,  
 and helped to rob his own relations, and  
 since had as successfully robbed the pub-  
 lic; till, as success always ensures a cer-  
 tain degree of impunity, he had long  
 been too rich to mind what *those* said, who  
 were so little people of the world as to  
 look through his *purple* and *fine linen*  
 with scrutinizing contempt, and pretend  
 to see in this *Dives* an object of greater  
 scorn and abhorrence than the Lazar at  
 his gate, who demanding in vain the  
 crumbs that fell from the *rich man's*  
*table*, is repulsed by his high fed and in-  
 solent domestics.

Sir Appulby Gorges, had it not been  
 that his luxury subjected him to the  
 palsy and the gout, might have forgotten  
 that

that he was mortal. In his own family a furious and gloomy tyrant, his poor wife was less considered than his servants, and neither one or the other ever presumed to contend with him. He saw none but clerks in office, or men who either were or wished to get into place, and his purdy existence was passed in administering adulation, or in receiving it. As unaccustomed, therefore, to hear truth as to tell it, he shrunk from the manly, plain dealing of Delmont as an affront; yet an affront which he feared to resent, because he knew how well he deserved that it should be repeated.

“After what you have heard of me, Mr. Delmont? I must remark, Sir, that language and expressions—such as that . . . . .”

“Are not, as you observe, Sir Appulby, what you have been used to—I know it—but be assured I shall never take the trouble to give you many lessons in it. They will come, perhaps, from those whose contempt

contempt for the weakness of an old man will not mitigate the effects of their indignation against a wicked man. *I have* heard things of you, Sir Appulby, which I know to be true, that sink you, in my opinion, to the lowest rank of human degradation."

Sir Appulby, half choked with passion, and half trembling with fear, asked what?

"Enquire of your own conscience, Sir Appulby—Or if that is callous, look in the records you have in the form of letters from two families, whom I know you have ruined. Do you remember nothing of a young woman, your near relation, whose money you took from her, under pretence of being her guardian, and then refused to refund so small a sum as even ten pounds, and bade her go to service? Has your flinty soul retained no impression of the fearful catastrophe, your cruelty and injustice (in suffering their whole property to be kept from them) occasioned

in

in another part of that family?—Have you no remembrance of the ruin of innocent children?—None of the sufferings of their mother?—But you go to church, Sir Appulby Gorges, and put shillings in the plate at the door, and you talk of religion, and are desirous of being called a pious man !”

Sir Appulby now crawled like a wounded beetle about the room, puffing and gasping—“As to my conduct, Sir,” said he, “you do me great injustice—you mistake the thing altogether—as to that family of the South—why-a-a-a-Mr. Delmont, upon my honour, Sir, you—you—wholly misunderstand the thing.—I have done a great deal for them, Sir, a very great deal—and . . . .”

“There is a way, Sir Appulby, of enacting the fable of Penelope; undoing at one time what you have done at another, and I believe your counteraction has quite annihilated the good effects, if there ever were any, of your *benefits*.  
These

These boasted benefits, of which, even admitting they were all you state them to have been, these poor people may say :

To John I ow'd some obligation,  
But then friend John thought fit,  
To publish it to all the nation;  
So John and I are quit.

"I thought—I thought—Mr. Delmont," cried Sir Appulby, who now looked like a bad picture one has seen of a strangled malefactor.—"I thought, Sir, you came here on the business of my friend, Lud Castledanes, and not on this sort of extraneous . . . ."

"I loved my uncle," answered Delmont, coolly "don't call him *your* friend, sir Appulby Gorges, *before me*."

"My Lud Castledanes, Mr. Delmont, was . . . ."

"I knew perfectly *what* he was, Sir, and cannot but regret that he was so mistaken as to entrust the executorship to a person so totally unlike him. Pray, Sir Appulby,  
do

do you happen to know any thing of a Mrs. Glenmorris, the daughter of Lady Mary de Verdon."

Sir Appulby was not prepared for this sudden question—his face, from a dirty *tile* colour, became purple. "How should I know any thing of that person? I must beg to be understood, Mr. Delmont, that —"

"Oh! Sir, you *are* generally understood, believe me. I wish, however, to have an answer. You are acquainted, I believe, with Mrs. Crewkherne?"

"I have seen Mrs. Crewkherne—I respected her on account of her piety and virtue, and of her alliance with my Lord Castledanes."

"Oh! mockery of terms!" cried Delmont, hardly restraining his indignation—"Oh! revolting hypocrisy—come, Sir Appulby, try to speak truth for once.—Its rarity from you will give it double value.—Do you happen to know where Mrs. Glenmorris is now? or where her daughter is?"

"I know

"I know, Sir.—I assure you, Mr. Delmont, that I have no connection with those persons—I know nothing of them, Sir.—I repeat, Sir, that you have totally mistaken my conduct—and . . . ."

A servant here announced "Lord Robert Rangely." Sir Appulby seemed relieved, yet doubting whether his present guest would not continue his unwelcome visit, he therefore said, "I must beg, your pardon, Mr. Delmont; my Lud Robart has some business with me, on which his ludship is come on purpose—and in regard to the affairs of my Lud Castledanes, if you will be so good as to go and apply to my solicitor, Mr. Anthony Cancer, of Gray's Inn, there is no doubt but that you will find all *is in a fair train to see light*, in such a manner as council shall advise, as legal and proper, and proper and legal." So saying Sir Appulby, without waiting for Delmont's answer, puffed and waddled away into the next room, where, in the obsequious civility  
of



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of Lud Robart, he endeavoured to lot  
the painful sensation that had been in  
flicted by the rough and unwelcom  
truisms of the unbending Delmont.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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